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REVIEWS

Ornithological Biography of the United States of America. By John James Audubon. Vol. III. Edinburgh: Black; London, Longman.

It is just twelve months since we took a long and delightful journey in company with the wild woodsman; and we remember well, that as we listened to his eager and enthusiastic talk of birds, "their habits and manners," we grew to feel and to think of them as if they had been "Christian folk," so strong was the power of knowledge directly derived from nature! Here we are once again in his company, and once again we have to congratulate him on the progress he has made in bringing his magnificent work before the world. There are passages in the introduction to this third volume, that would enlist our sympathies, had we now to make his acquaintance for the first time:—

"Ten years have now elapsed since the first number of my *Illustrations of the Birds of America* made its appearance. At that period I calculated that the engravers would take sixteen years in accomplishing their task; and this I announced in my prospectus, and talked of to my friends. Of the latter not a single individual seemed to have the least hope of my success, and several strongly advised me to abandon my plans, dispose of my drawings, and return to my country. I listened with attention to all that was urged on the subject, and often felt deeply depressed, for I was well aware of many of the difficulties to be surmounted, and perceived that no small sum of money would be required to defray the necessary expenses. Yet never did I seriously think of abandoning the cherished object of my hopes. When I delivered the first drawings to the engraver, I had not a single subscriber."

"Having made arrangements for meeting the first difficulties, I turned my attention to the improvement of my drawings, and began to collect from the pages of my journals the scattered notes which referred to the habits of the birds represented by them. I worked early and late. •• Number after number appeared in regular succession, until, at the end of four years of anxiety, my engraver, Mr. Havell, presented me with the first volume of the *Birds of America*."

"Convinced, from a careful comparison of the plates, that at least there had been no falling off in the execution, I looked forward with confidence to the termination of the next four years' labour. Time passed on, and I returned from the forests and wilds of the western world to congratulate my friend Havell, just when the last plate of the second volume was finished."

"About that time, a nobleman called upon me with his family, and requested me to show them some of the original drawings, which I did with the more pleasure that my visitors possessed a knowledge of Ornithology. In the course of our conversation, I was asked how long it might be until the work should be finished. When I mentioned eight years more, the nobleman shrugged up his shoulders, and sighing, said, 'I may not see it finished, but my children will, and you may please to add my name to your list of subscribers.' The young people exhibited a mingled expression of joy and sorrow, and when I with them strove to dispel the cloud that seemed to hang over their father's mind, he smiled, bade me be sure to see that the whole work should be punctually delivered, and took his leave. The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days; I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length I exclaimed 'my sons may.' And now that another volume, both of my *Illustrations* and of my *Biographies*, is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but

hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labours. ••

"I look forward to the summer of 1838 with an anxious hope that I may then be able to present you with the last plate of my *Illustrations*, and the concluding volume of my *Biographies*. To render these volumes as complete as possible, I intend to undertake a journey to the southern and western limits of the Union, with the view of obtaining a more accurate knowledge of the birds of those remote and scarcely inhabited regions."

May he and his family live to witness the successful completion of a life's devoted labour, and to receive the congratulations of all, whether they be men of science, who will welcome such an addition to their stores, with praise and admiration; or merely those plain honest-hearted people, who say "Amen" to every noble and sincere effort of conception and fulfilment, in whatever cause or calling it be put forth.

If the drawings of these '*Birds of America*,' as far as the work has hitherto gone, deserve the high praise of having progressively improved in execution, we may say as much of the letter-press, by which they are illustrated, having found this third volume more sustained in its interest than either of its predecessors. It is devoted to the *Water Birds*,—if not in their form and colour, at least in their habitations, the most picturesque of all the feathered tribe; and we can well conceive with what pleasure Audubon set himself to hunt out their bleak dwelling-places, on the rocky coasts of Labrador, or to surprise them where they lay hid in the rich, steaming creeks of the *Floridas*; to say nothing of the all-powerful motive, which makes him say pleasantly in speaking of some wholesale sport,—

"You must try to excuse these murders, which in truth might not have been so numerous, had I not thought of you quite as often while on the *Florida Keys*, with a burning sun over my head, and my body oozing at every pore, as I do now while peacefully scratching my paper with an iron-pen, in one of the comfortable and quite cool houses of the most beautiful of all the cities of old Scotland."

Were but thews and sinews conformable, and time and circumstances aiding, we should like nothing better than to bear company with him in one of these wild expeditions. But that is impossible. The next best thing then, is to ramble through his volume; and that we mean to do, without method or order, just as our fancy leads us, here lighting on a family group of birds, there upon a sporting anecdote, in another place on some scene or passage, which gives us a picture of the hearty, rough, hospitable life of the back woods; a picture, we may say in passing, as much fresher and more to the life, than those to be met with elsewhere, as are the author's breathing, flying, brooding delineations of his birds, superior to the formal idiotic-looking creatures, drawn from the specimens which have long exchanged their native haunts of wood and stream for the dim glass cases, and dead-grass and dry-stick landscapes of a museum.

Here, to begin our ramble, is pleasant justice done to a bird, by the wisdom of ages rated a fool, but by our author much esteemed; but then this is a "*Canada Goose*"; she here appears graceful as well as intelligent:—

"Suppose all to be peace and quiet around the fond pair, and the female to be sitting in security upon her eggs. The nest is placed near the bank of a noble stream or lake; the clear sky is spread

over the scene, the bright beams glitter on the waters, and a thousand odorous flowers give beauty to the swamp which of late was so dismal. The gander passes to and fro over the liquid element, moving as if lord of the waters; now he inclines his head with a graceful curve, now sips to quench his thirst; and, as noontide has arrived, he paddles his way towards the shore, to relieve for a while his affectionate and patient consort. The lispings sounds of their offspring are heard through the shell; their little bills have formed a breach in the closing walls; full of life, and bedecked with beauty, they come forth, with tottering steps and downy covering. Toward the water they now follow their careful parent, they reach the border of the stream, their mother already floats on the loved element, one after another launches forth, and now the flock glides gently along. What a beautiful sight! Close by the grassy margin, the mother slowly leads her innocent younglings; to one she shows the seed of the floating grass, to another points out the crawling slug. Her careful eye watches the cruel turtle, the garfish, and the pike, that are lurking for their prey, and, with head inclined, she glances upwards to the eagle or the gull that are hovering over the water in search of food. A ferocious bird dashes at her young ones; she instantly plunges beneath the surface, and, in the twinkling of an eye, her brood disappear after her; now they are among the thick rushes, with nothing above water but their little bills. The mother is marching towards the land, having lisped to her brood in accents so gentle that none but they and her mate can understand their import, and all are safely lodged under cover until the disappointed eagle or gull bears away."

A few pages further, we catch a fish of singular delicacy and discretion, the "*American Sun Perch*":—

"The rushing stream boils and gurgles as it forces its way over the obstacles presented by its bed, the craggy points, large stones, and logs that are strewn along the bottom. Every one of these proves a place of rest, safety and observation to the little things, whose eyes are ever anxiously watching their favourite prey as it passes. There an unfortunate moth, swept along by the current, labours in vain to extricate itself from the treacherous element; its body, indeed, at intervals, rises a little above the surface, but its broad wings, now wet and heavy, bear it down again to the water. The Sun-fish has marked it, and as it passes his retreat, he darts towards it, with twenty of his fellows, all eager to seize the prize. The swiftest swallows it in a moment, and all immediately return to their lurking places, where they fancy themselves secure. But, alas, the Sun-fish is no more without enemies than the moth, or any other living creature. So has Nature determined, evidently to promote prudence and industry, without which none can reap the full advantage of life. ••

"The Sun Perch, wherever found, seems to give a decided preference to sandy, gravelly, or rocky beds of streams, avoiding those of which the bottom is muddy. At the period of depositing their eggs, this preference is still more apparent. The little creature is then seen swimming rapidly over shallows, the bed of which is mostly formed of fine gravel, when after a while it is observed to poise itself and gradually sink to the bottom, where with its fin it pushes aside the sand to the extent of eight or ten inches, thus forming a circular cavity. In a few days a little ridge is thus raised around, and in the cleared area the roe is deposited. By wading carefully over the extent of the place, a person may count forty, fifty, or more of these beds, some within a few feet of each other, and some several yards apart. Instead of abandoning its spawn, as others of the family are wont to do, this little fish keeps guard over it with all the care of a sitting bird. You ob-

serve it poised over the bed, watching the objects around. Should the rotten leaf of a tree, a piece of wood, or any other substance, happen to be rolled over the border of the bed, the Sunfish carefully removes it, holding the obnoxious matter in its mouth, and dropping it over the margin. Having many times witnessed this act of prudence and cleanliness in the little sunny, and observed that at this period it will not seize on any kind of bait, I took into my head one fair afternoon to make a few experiments for the purpose of judging how far its instinct or reason might induce it to act when disturbed or harassed.

"Provided with a fine fishing-line, and such insects as I knew were relished by this fish, I reached a sand-bar covered by about one foot of water, where I had previously seen many deposits. Approaching the nearest to the shore with great care, I baited my hook with a living ground-worm, the greater part of which was left at liberty to writhe as it pleased, and throwing the line up the stream, managed it so that at last it passed over the border of the nest, when I allowed it to remain on the bottom. The fish, I perceived, had marked me, and as the worm intruded on its premises, he swam to the farther side, there poised himself for a few moments, then approached the worm, and carried it in his mouth over the side next to me, with a care and gentleness so very remarkable as to afford me much surprise. I repeated the experiment six or seven times, and always with the same result. Then changing the bait, I employed a young grasshopper, which I floated into the egg-bed. The insect was removed, as the worm had been, and two attempts to hook the fish proved unsuccessful. I now threw my line with the hook bare, and managed as before. The sunny appeared quite alarmed. It swam to one side, then to another, in rapid succession, and seemed to entertain a fear that the removal of the suspicious object might prove extremely dangerous to it. Yet it gradually approached the hook, took it delicately up, and the next instant dropped it over the edge of the bed."

But we will leave birds and fish for a while, and come to "humans." Till now, we never knew that there was contraband as well as fair trading in the sport of bird-nesting. Certainly Audubon manages to make a most scoundrelly picture of the "Eggers of Labrador."

"See yon shallop shyly sailing along;—she sneaks like a thief, wishing as it were to shun the very light of heaven. Under the lee of every rocky isle some one at the tiller steers her course. Were his trade an honest one, he would not think of hiding his back behind the terrific rocks that seem to have been placed there as a resort to the myriads of birds that annually visit this desolate region of the earth, for the purpose of rearing their young, at a distance from all disturbers of their peace. How unlike the open, the bold, the honest mariner, whose face needs no mask, who scorns to skulk under any circumstances! The vessel herself is a shabby thing;—her sails are patched with stolen pieces of better canvass, the owners of which have probably been stranded on some inhospitable coast, and have been plundered, perhaps murdered, by the wretches before us. Look at her again—her sides are neither painted, nor even pitched; no—they are daubed over, plastered and patched with stripes of seal-skins, laid along the seams. Her deck has never been washed or sanded; her hold—for no cabin has she,—though at present empty, sends forth an odour pestilential as that of a charnel-house. The crew, eight in number, lie sleeping at the foot of their tottering mast, regardless of the repairs needed in every part of her rigging. * * *

"There rides the filthy thing! The afternoon is half over. Her crew have thrown their boat overboard; they enter and seat themselves, each with a rusty gun. One of them skulls the skiff towards an island for a century past the breeding place of myriads of Guillemots, which are now to be laid under contribution. At the approach of the vile thieves, clouds of birds rise from the rock and fill the air around, wheeling and screaming over their enemies. Yet thousands remain in an erect posture, each covering its single egg, the hope of both parents. The reports of several muskets loaded with heavy shot are now heard, while several dead and wounded birds fall heavily on the rock or into the water. Instantly all the sitting birds rise, and fly off, affrighted, to

their companions above, and hover in dismay over their assassins, who walk forward exultingly, and with their shouts mingling oaths and execrations. Look at them! See how they crush the chick within its shell, how they trample on every egg in their way with their huge and clumsy boots. Onward they go, and when they leave the isle, not an egg that they can find is left entire. The dead birds they collect and carry to their boat. Now they have regained their filthy shallop; they strip the birds by a single jerk of their feathery apparel, while the flesh is yet warm, and throw them on some coals, where in a short time they are broiled. The rum is produced when the guillemots are fit for eating, and after stuffing themselves with this oily fare, and enjoying the pleasure of beastly intoxication, over they tumble on the deck of their crazed craft, where they pass the short hours of night in turbid slumber. * * *

"With a bark nearly half filled with fresh eggs they proceed to the principal rock, that on which they first landed. But what is their surprise when they find others there helping themselves as industriously as they can! In boiling rage they charge their guns and ply their oars. Landing on the rock, they run up to the Eggers, who, like themselves, are desperadoes. The first question is a discharge of musketry, the answer another. Now, man to man, they fight like tigers. One is carried to his boat with a fractured skull, another limps with a shot in his leg, and a third feels how many of his teeth have been driven through the hole in his cheek. At last, however, the quarrel is settled; the booty is to be equally divided; and now see them all drinking together. Oaths and curses and filthy jokes are all that you hear; but see, stuffed with food, and reeling with drink, down they drop one by one; groans and execrations from the wounded mingle with the snorings of the heavy sleepers. There let the brutes lie.

"Again it is dawn, but no one stirs. The sun is high; one by one they open their heavy eyes, stretch their limbs, yawn, and raise themselves from the deck. But see, here comes a goodly company. A hundred honest fishermen, who for months past have fed on salt meat, have felt a desire to procure some eggs. Gallantly their boats advance, impelled by the regular pull of their long oars. Each buoyant bark displays the flag of its nation. No weapons do they bring, nor any thing that can be used as such save their oars and fists. Cleanly clad in Sunday attire, they arrive at the desired spot, and at once prepare to ascend the rock. The Eggers, now numbering a dozen, all armed with guns and bludgeons, bid defiance to the fishermen. A few angry words pass between the parties. One of the Eggers, still under the influence of drink, pulls his trigger, and an unfortunate sailor is seen to reel in agony. Three loud cheers fill the air. All at once rush on the malefactors; a horrid fight ensues, the result of which is, that every Egger is left on the rock beaten and bruised. Too frequently the fishermen man their boats, row to the shallops, and break every egg in the hold."

Let us, however, part from Audubon in pleasant company; here he is at a woodman's hut in Kentucky, bent on "Coon hunting":—

"All is now in a bustle within and without: a servant lights a torch, and off we march to the woods. 'Don't mind the boys, my dear sir,' says the woodman, 'follow me close, for the ground is covered with logs, and the grape vines hang everywhere across.' 'Toby, hold up the light, man, or we'll never see the gullies.' 'Trail your gun, sir, as General CLARK used to say,—not so, but this way,—that's it; now then, no danger you see; no fear of snakes, poor things! They are stiff enough, I'll be bound. The dogs have treed one. Toby, you old fool, why don't you turn to the right—not so much there—go a-head, and give us light—What's that?—Who's there?—Ah, you young rascals! you've played us a trick, have you. It's all well enough, but now, just keep behind, or I'll.'—and in fact, the boys, with eyes good enough to see in the dark, although not quite so well as an Owl's, had cut directly across the dogs, which had surprised a racoon on the ground and bayed it, until the lads knocked it on the head. 'Seek him, boys,' cries the hunter. 'The dogs, putting their noses to the ground, pushed off at a good rate. 'Master, they're making for

the creek,' says old Toby. On towards it therefore we push. What woods, to be sure! No gentleman's park this, I assure you, Reader. We are now in a low flat; the soil thinly covers the hard clay; nothing but beech trees hereabouts, unless now and then a maple. Hang the limbs! say I—hang the supple-jacks too—here I am, fast by the neck—cut it with your knife. My knee has had a tremendous rub against a log—now, my foot is jammed between two roots—and here I stick. 'Toby, come back, don't you know the stranger is not up to the woods. Halloo, Toby, Toby!' There I stood perfectly shackled, the hunter laughing heartily, and the lads glad of an opportunity of slipping off. Toby arrived, and held the torch near the ground, on which the hunter, cutting one of the roots with his hatchet, set me free. 'Are you hurt, Sir?'—no, not in the least. Off we start again. The boys had got up with the dogs, which were buying a Racoon in a small puddle. We soon joined them with the light. 'Now, stranger! watch and see!' The Racoon was all but swimming, and yet had hold of the bottom of the pool with his feet. The glare of the lighted torch was doubtless distressing to him; his coat was ruffled, and his rounded tail seemed thrice its ordinary size, his eyes shone like emeralds; with foaming jaws he watched the dogs, ready to seize each by the snout if it came within reach. They kept him busy for several minutes; the water became thick with mud; his coat now hung dripping, and his dragged tail lay floating on the surface. His guttural growlings, in place of intimidating his assailants, excited them the more; and they very unceremoniously closed upon him, curs as they were, and without the breeding of gentle dogs. One seized him by the rump and tugged, but was soon forced to let go; another stuck to his side, but soon taking a better directed bite of his muzzle than another dog had just done of his tail, coon made him yelp, and pitiful were the cries of luckless Tyke. The Racoon would not let go, but in the meantime the other dogs seized him fast, and worried him to death, yet to the last he held by his antagonist's snout. Knocked on the head by an axe, he lay gasping his last breath, and the heaving of his chest was painful to see. The hunters stood gazing at him in the pool, while all around was, by the flare of the torch, rendered trebly dark and dismal. It was a good scene for a skilful painter.

"We had now two coons, whose furs were worth two quarters of a dollar, and whose bodies, which I must not forget, as Toby informed us, would produce two more. 'What now?' I asked.—'What now,' quoth the father, 'why go after more, to be sure.' So we did, the dogs ahead, and I far behind. In a short time the curs treed another, and when we came up, we found them seated on their haunches, looking upwards, and barking. The hunters now employed their axes, and sent the chips about at such a rate that one of them coming in contact with my cheek marked it so, that a week after several of my friends asked me where, in the name of wonder, I had got that black eye. At length the tree began to crack, and slowly leaning to one side, the heavy mass swung rustling through the air, and fell to the earth with a crash. It was not one coon that was surprised here, but three—aye, three of them, one of which, more crafty than the rest, leaped fairly from the main top while the tree was staggering. The other two stuck to the hollow of a branch, from which they were soon driven by one of the dogs. Tyke and Lion, having nosed the cunning old one, scampered after him, not mouthing like the well-trained hounds of our southern fox hunters, but yelling like furies. The hunter's sons attacked those on the tree, while the woodman and I, preceded by Toby, made after the other; and busy enough we all were. Our animal was of extraordinary size, and, after some parley, a rifle ball was sent through his brain. He reeled once only,—next moment he lay dead. The rest were dispatched by the axe and by the club, for a shot in those days was too valuable to be spent when it could be saved. It could procure a deer, and therefore was worth more than a coon's skin."

We shall return to this volume, not having yet half traversed the woods and waters of the west.

The Monarchy of the Middle Classes, &c. By Henry L. Bulwer, Esq. M.P.
Paris and the Parisians, in 1835. By Frances Trollope, &c.

[Second Notice.]

THE leading idea of Mr. Bulwer's work is, that the phenomena of the French Revolution are a joint result of ancient habits of sentiment, and of novel ideas, prepared by the antecedents of that event, and developed in its progress. Between these, he justly states, there is a striking contrast; and in that opposition, he thinks, lies the secret of the many disparities and contradictions, real and apparent, which have marked the epoch. The working out of this idea, the detailed review of the several leading items of the great account, forms the substance of his volumes.

The religion, the literature, the social habits of Frenchmen, had long been, and still are, of an aristocratic tendency; while their political and philosophical notions, their deep-rooted passion for equality, even their very love of military glory, give them a decided and overpowering bias towards liberal institutions. These, however, we are inclined to think, should be considered merely as secondary causes,—powerfully co-operative, indeed, in shaping the end, but, in every sense, subordinate to another which lies at the bottom of the whole, and which, both in itself, and in its immediate consequences, is for ever re-appearing, and, through all the successive phases of the revolution,—through anarchy, the republic, the empire, restoration, and constitutional monarchy,—has preserved the identity of the movement, and restrained its march.

The French Revolution lies altogether in a physical fact; and its greatest result, its master consequence, is also physical. The institutions of the Middle Age, wasteful and improvident, were compatible only with a low rate of population. Wherever power and property are accumulated into a few hands, a circumscription of the numbers of the people within the narrowest limits is necessary, not only for the comfort and security of the few, but for the very subsistence of the many. In France, this verity was not understood, or was disregarded; and while the people grew in numbers, and a portion of them even in wealth and intelligence, aristocracy was suffered not merely to subsist in its ancient abuses, but to increase in the extravagance of its pretensions, and in the wastefulness of its administration. A long series of foreign wars, and of insane extravagance at home, had prevented the general accumulation of capital, and had exhausted the resources of the country; and the noblesse and the clergy in almost exclusive possession of the soil, refused to submit to taxation, throwing the whole burden of the state on the crippled industry of the country. The consequence was, that the people were starved into revolution; they had no alternative but to lie down and die, or to revolt. Theorists have ascribed this giant movement of our age to Voltaire and Rousseau personally, to the philosophers as a body, to *illuminati* associations, to the American war, and to heaven knows what besides; but these and many more causes might have acted and reacted in the metropolis and the great cities to the end of time, and yet the people at large have remained tranquil and obedient, and every possible insurrection been suppressed, had the moral population remained in any tolerable condition of ease and contentment. But the growing fermentation of the capital found France one universal mass of suffering; wherever there was a man unconnected with existing abuses, there was a foe to the existing order; and, at the first outbreak,

as if by a common instinct, the miserable and brutalized people flew to arms against the lords of the soil, burned their palaces, and expelled or slaughtered the owners.

In accordance with this cause, was the great overruling effect—the confiscation of the privileged lands, their division among the mass of the people, and the abolition of the right of primogeniture. It was this material change in the condition of the country that decided its future destinies, and amidst every variety of accident, in triumph and in defeat, in revolution and in counter revolution, in possession of the sovereignty of Europe, and amidst the present bayonets of millions of enemies, preserved for the motto of the land, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. It is idle to look for the connecting link of events in the succession of parties, and in the progressive disorganization of the social system of the capital. These might have existed, and have passed away, (as did the religious combinations of the Cromwellian Revolution in England) leaving scarcely a trace behind. But when factions were exhausted or defeated, and when the revolutionary flame had spent itself by consuming the materials of its fury, the Agrarian change remained behind, definitive and indefeasible, creating new interests, provoking new passions, awakening new ideas, and constituting a permanent and undeviating influence, which must continually master and absorb every other combination of causes less durable and constant than itself. Before this influence, the united, the conquering arms of the Holy Alliance retreated, baffled and beaten; before it the policy of Louis XVIII. and the concentrated fanaticism of Charles X. were alike inefficient and helpless; and the same cause, while it maintains Louis Philippe on the throne, as the King of the French, will force him, *bon gré, malgré*, to continue within the line of constitutional monarchy, or, precipitating him in a new revolution, will still further consolidate its own supremacy.

The observations of Mr. Bulwer on the division of property in France, and on the abolition of primogeniture, are, therefore, well worthy of consideration; but they are interesting not only as shedding a valuable light on the theory of modern French history, but also as they bear upon certain peculiarities in the condition of our own country, and more especially of Ireland, where the rights of property have been perverted to the most dangerous abuses, and where the immense masses of unemployed and half-fed population have already and permanently established what may be called a *chronic revolution*. It is in this reference to British affairs that Mr. Bulwer's inquiries on these points possess their chief practical importance. In England, we may still debate what the political and statistical consequences of such an institution may be; for, though the subject is daily gaining on the public mind, it is not, as yet, in operation amongst us; whereas, in France, it is the law of the land, and is deep rooted in all the sentiments and feelings of the entire mass.

Mr. Bulwer begins by formally refuting some opinions of McCulloch on this subject, as to the presumed injurious effects of the existing law in France; and by proving him to have fallen into some contradictions on this head. But he proceeds to matters still more weighty, when he proves, by facts and tables, that the subdivision of the soil, which this law is supposed to encourage, has not, in fact, been carried to an extent injurious to agriculture, either as a wealth-creating process, or (what is more essential still) as an instrument of diffusive happiness. That it does not tend to an undue increase of population, he thus argues:—

“The pauper and the beggar have no restraint

put on their passions, and they propagate their species with the recklessness of men who have no hope of the future, and only one present pleasure to enjoy. The peasant, who has a small piece of land, lives under the increasing desire to preserve, to increase, and to transmit that land. He receives four acres from his father, he toils unceasingly, till he can acquire eight, and it is not often that he increases his family beyond the ratio at which his property is increased.”

Nor is this mere theory: from the tables of European population of Charles Dupin, Mr. Bulwer deduces the following practical results:—first, in annual increase, France stands, among European nations, at the bottom of the list. In Prussia, the annual increase of population rates at 27,027 individuals; in Great Britain 16,667; and in France only 5,536. How these tables are constructed does not appear, and we have not Mons. C. Dupin's work at hand to consult. We can, however, take the results as relative, without assigning them an absolute value.

Now, though this small increment seems to indicate a relatively imperfect development of commercial and manufacturing industry, and, consequently, a certain degree of pressure upon the industrious classes, it at the same time shows the harmlessness of the existing law, in reference to agriculture.

Again, on the same authority, the author shows, that in France

The annual increase of Population is.....	1 only; while
that of Horses is	1
of Sheep	1
Increase of Consumption, as indicated by	
Indirect Taxation	3
Ditto.....by Octroi	3
Increase of Industry, by Patents	3
of Circulation, by Post	3
of Commerce, as by Customs.....	4
of Industry, by Coal	4
by Iron	4
by the Press.....	4

The effect of primogeniture, however, does not rest on conjecture or inference. We have a detailed table, communicated to Mr. Bulwer by the Minister of Finance, which gives the results of the movement of territorial properties, in every department of the country, in the years 1815, 1826, and 1832. The sum of this table gives the total landed properties in France, at these several epochs, as amounting respectively to 10,983,751—10,296,693—10,814,779. Here, then, is an increase of subdivision so small, that, deducting for the improvements of the *cadastre*, and for the improvements of the soil itself, it may be almost considered as *nil*; if, indeed, it does not conceal a positive diminution of small or pauper cultures.

Had the result, however, been diametrically the reverse, and the diminution of properties continued from generation to generation, we hold that this would not have affected the culture of the land. The size of farms is in every country independent of that of properties, being an immediate and necessary consequence of the development of capital. Where capital is scarce, there farms must be small; where it abounds, they will be large. This is an universal law. In Ireland, where properties are gigantic, it is not possible to push the holdings beyond their present state of minute division; because it is impossible for a peasantry to possess less capital. The fact is conclusive, and the consequence irresistible.

Mr. Bulwer seems, however, to think that the state of property in France does turn the population towards agriculture, rather than to manufactures and the arts; and he adds his conviction that the people are altogether the happier for it. Taking England as a point of comparison, he observes of it—

“A people in this situation will become more energetic—more enterprising—more restless—more laborious—yet dark by the side of the picture which exhibits the riches and activity, will come forth the

! The noblesse at the revolution were steeped in debt, and were dependents on the profuse gifts and appointments of the crown.

table that displays the crimes and the misery of the population; and the legislator will find, that he has not merely to consider how a nation may be made most wealthy, but how the pursuit of wealth may be made most accordant with morality, and its distribution most compatible with enjoyment."

The poor in France are one-twentieth, in England one-sixth; and, even in Norfolk, (an agricultural district, and one the most improved,) unless extensive alteration takes place (says Mr. Richardson, of Heydon), the utter annihilation of all property will be the consequence of the accumulation of useless poverty. Here is the poverty incidental to grand cultures; what more could follow from the most minute subdivision of the soil?

That the general population of France is more at its ease than that of England, seems now to be universally admitted. The difference, however, is rendered still more sensible, in some philosophical remarks on the French and English armies, which we quote from another part of the work.

"The English army is recruited by volunteers from the working class of England, that is to say, from the most destitute of a class, the great bulk of which is in a miserable state."

"The French army, on the contrary, is recruited by conscripts from every class, and the injustice would be terrible, if you forced a man of fair prospects and education to engage in the army, and then did not allow him any chance of advancing himself in the service."

"I am painting, in deplorable colours, the condition of the British soldier. He is shown me in the heart of Asia, panting beneath a tropical sun, subjected to the lash, unvisited by any gleam of promotion; and I am asked, is twenty-five years of such service the melancholy vista through which he has to look for sixpence a day?

"But see what his case would have been at home! Would he have been happier, as a Sussex labourer, or a hand-loom weaver, or even a cotton-spinner, in his native country?

"You offer him a decent maintenance; this he expects, if he works, because, as a peasant, he can get a scanty maintenance by law, if he does not work. You subject him to a life of much hardship and constraint; this he submits to, if he is paid, because, as a peasant, he would have been subjected to severe toil, and much constraint."

"You do not offer him much prospect of rising in the army, because he enjoyed, poor fellow, little prospect of rising in the world. He is the creature of your laws and your habits, which declare, that no man is to be compelled to anything, except by poverty; and, at the same time, subject the great masses of society to this law of voluntary compulsion."

"Every part of a system is much more interwoven with the whole than we are at first sight disposed to imagine. We place property in a few hands; our next consequence must be, in order to preserve property, to place power in a few hands also. What follows? the high ranks are for the rich, the low for the poor."

Thus, it appears, the French soldier is governed by a code of honour, and is admitted to the highest appointments in the army, because he is—a proprietor; the English soldier is cut off from all hope of promotion, because he is—a proletarian!

In comparing the actual condition of the working classes of Frenchmen with what it formerly was, Mr. Bulwer states, that

"The period of human existence has increased, by seven years, since the calculations made in 1780, an increase which ought to be almost entirely given to the poor. The number of landed proprietors may certainly be calculated at 5,000,000. The number of persons paying tax on patents in 1832, was 1,118,500: add the number of persons not included in either of the above denominations, and who possess mortgages, houses, or shares of houses, or capital invested in the funds, there will be, at the lowest estimate, 7,000,000 of persons, which, allowing four to a family, make 28,000,000 interested, because, according to the French law of succession, a share of

this property will come to them, in some species of property or other; there remain, then, but 4,500,000 who have not property, or the expectation of it."

"The population of the rural districts are frugal, sober, and laborious, anxious to obtain a piece of ground, or to extend that which they possess; proud of the title of 'peasant,' which is usually linked with that of 'proprietor'—simple, indefatigable, independent."

"In rural villages, indeed, I have frequently found, on inquiry, not more than two or three poor (supported by charity) in a population of 1500. In towns, however, the case is different. According to a calculation of M. Bigot, in departments, having towns of above 50,000 inhabitants, the indigent and beggars are $\frac{1,040}{10,000}$. Those under the surveillance of police amount to $\frac{370}{10,000}$. In twenty-six departments, having towns of 20,000 inhabitants, the beggars are $\frac{560}{10,000}$; those under the police inspection, $\frac{130}{10,000}$. In departments having no towns, above 5,000 inhabitants, there are $\frac{380}{10,000}$ beggars, &c.; under police inspection, $\frac{60}{10,000}$."

In these numbers there is, probably, some over-statement, but the result of the whole is not less decisive in favour of the prosperity of the general population. On the subject of poor laws, Mr. Bulwer remarks:—

"In the rural districts, where property is in the greatest degree divided, the proposition of a poor law would be treated as absurd, because,—first, the labourer is not altogether dependent upon wages; he has something, when out of employ, to fall back upon, and his patch of ground supplies the place of the poor rate. Because, secondly, the great mass who possess property have no fear of the small number who have nothing; and because, thirdly, the small number who are out of employ and have no bit of ground, or who, from sickness or accident, are incapable of working for themselves, are of the same class, and, frequently, of the same parentage, as those from whom relief is to come: therefore, no law is required to oblige persons to an act of duty and charity, which their own feeling and affection, and the opinion of all around them, would compel them to perform."

"But just in the degree that you approach other places, where the labourer has nothing to depend upon but his wages,—where the possessors of wealth are few, and naturally in dread of the desperation of the greater number,—and where the different distribution of fortune has so separated the classes, as that the poor can appeal to no one among the rich, except on some regulation made among the rich themselves; there, you observe, (as in the department du Nord, for instance, where the greatest capitals are found, and where four towns—Lisle, Valenciennes, Cambrai, and Dunkirk, with a population of 121,389, furnish 36,230 paupers,) there, to use the words of Mons. Villeneuve, '*La taxe des pauvres s'est forcement introduite*.' [Poor-rates have necessarily crept in.]"

The immense importance of the theme, and the too general ignorance prevailing on the subject, coupled as it is with deep-rooted prejudices universal among the upper classes of English society, have induced us to bestow a disproportionate space upon this portion of Mr. Bulwer's book. He may, possibly, have rather oversteated the truth; (and some, indeed, of his positions seem scarcely compatible with others, on which he relies;) but we think he has abundantly proved that our popular notions of the consequences of the French law of succession are merely chimerical. We regret that we are precluded from following the author through his further details on the condition of the working classes, and bringing before our readers his curious statistics of the pauperism of Paris.

The circumstances which Mr. Bulwer has disclosed, and which we have here embodied, though they are far from going to advocate an abrupt overthrow of our own institutions, or to prove that the French law of succession is either adapted to our present use, or compatible with our present state of feelings, are still clearly indica-

tive of the great cause of our national distresses. In England, the commercial activity, the parsimonious habits, and the large mass of chattel property as compared to land, disguise the facts, and screen them from immediate observation; but in Ireland, they stand forth, pure and unmixed. Nor can we have the slightest hesitation in saying, that so long as the peasantry of that country are left without some direct interest in the soil they cultivate, without some property of their own, to teach them respect for that of others, and to give value, in their eyes, to the arts of civilization, and to the maintenance of a civil polity, insurrection must remain the habit of the nation, and retrogradation the direction of its social march.

There are other subjects treated of in Mr. Bulwer's work, which we would willingly have brought before our readers, and subjected to a like examination; but the rapidity of the book-sellers' movements at this time of the year, will hardly admit of our again recurring to the subject. We must, however, recommend to their attentive consideration the minute analysis of the civil and military administration of France. As a specimen of Mr. Bulwer's lighter manner, on lighter subjects, we must find room for one extract, in which he remarks on the favourable impression made upon English people by French society,—an impression which seems to have been common to himself and to Mrs. Trollope.

"The easy and unceasing manner in which the world moves upon its hinges,—the facility with which you may see everything that is to be seen, and go to every place that is to be gone to,—the noiseless step with which you glide into the circle accustomed to receive you, and to which you are ushered by no trumpet sound of invitation,—the carelessness with which you can slip from society into solitude, from solitude into society, without any question as to where you have been, or any effort to regain your dropped acquaintance,—the familiarity, and yet the variety, which attends your steps, as you drive from house to house, in search of one that shall occupy you for the evening,—the happy way in which letters, and science, and even politics and the arts are mingled together in happy and classical confusion,—all this, so different from the well-dressed drudgery with which we (in England) toil to keep in sight of a monotonous crowd,—the perpetual effort, and the perpetual failure, to be amused,—the miserable Morning Post notoriety which glimmers upon a miserable race, as the substitute for reputation,—all this, which concentrated, forms a kind of sun for society, and breathes upon it the lazzarone feeling of careless, voluptuous, independent enjoyment,—all this,—by the worn and stiff, and jaded Englishman, accustomed to nothing of pleasure but the wearisomeness of its chase,—is welcomed with a grateful sense of delight, such as he never before experienced, and never afterwards forgets."

On the whole, we consider Mr. Bulwer's present work as superior to the former; a superiority forced upon the author by the increasing weight of his subject. We are still, however, of opinion, that he might have succeeded to a greater extent. We have had occasion to note an occasional, and most disappointing inequality in the execution; passages of considerable vigour and originality being followed by lame and impotent conclusions. At times he seems to shrink from the labour of grappling with an argument; and is turned aside from the course which lies obviously before him. We suspect, in fact, that Mr. H. Bulwer is, both as a thinker and a writer, given to occasional idlenesses; for his style, sometimes forcible—often eloquent,—is always irregular, and, occasionally, even loose, wordy, and not strictly grammatical. Still, with all its imperfections on its head, his work is a valuable addition to the Englishman's stock of information on French affairs. If the reader can think, it will set him to the task, and lead him in advance of the author, who has thus stimulated him. If he

cannot, the work is much too good for him; and its errors are fewer and less dangerous than those to be encountered in many similar works—in brief, it is far above the “standard publications of the day;” and if we venture to hint a fault, it is in the spirit of kindness, and in the hope that our hint will not be lost on a man of lofty aspirations and benevolent views, who is evidently capable of materially serving his country by his intellectual labours.

If Mr. Bulwer's work deals too largely in generalities, and is, perhaps, too exclusively of a metaphysical cast and character, that of Mrs. Trollope is altogether special, individual, and unprolific of enlarged conclusions. In turning from the one to the other, the declension is altogether too rapid. There is a dissonance perceptible, that jars on the ear; and the disparity, while it makes the merits of ‘The Monarchy’ more conspicuous, tends perhaps to detract from those of ‘Paris and the Parisians.’ But a still greater misfortune for the authoress is, that others have written before her on her own plan, and have not only anticipated her matter, but given to it an interest which she cannot rival. With her naturally shrewd, though limited, powers of observation, it is inconceivable how little of novelty she has pressed into the service; and how little of the freshness and colouring of reality she has thrown into her narrative. The greater part of her descriptions might have been copied at second-hand, and composed by the fire-side at home, so little do they smack of the raciness and individuality of genuine observation. It is, in fact, just such a work as a thorough-going John Bull, something below the middle classes, and steeped to the lips in English prejudice unredeemed by the humanizing influence of a good general education, might have produced by a run through the sights of Paris, and an appeal to the guide-book. It is not, however, that the remarks on matters of every-day life are not frequently pregnant with good plain sense; Mrs. Trollope is quite a connoisseur in bad smells, and would make a very tolerable commissioner of pavements. But, even in judging the more ordinary phases of society, she is contented with the surfaces of things, and those, too, the most obvious and vulgar. She exhibits no fancy—no philosophy; and the utmost strength of her flight into the region of induction, is to exaggerate the contrasts and disparities presented by the two nations, to the disadvantage of the French character, and to the placing English morals on stilts. The object, therefore, or at least, the effect, of her volumes, is to foment national dislikes between two neighbouring people, placed by nature together, as if it were for the purpose of succouring and improving each other. These faults, too, of her matter, are not relieved by refinement of manner: all is alike harsh, offensive, and unfeminine. Thus, to take the first example that starts up on opening the volume (she is describing the Exhibition at the Louvre):—

“I cannot quit the subject (she writes) without adding a few words respecting the company, or at least a part of it, whose appearance I thought gave very unequivocal marks of the march of mind and of indecorum; for a considerable sprinkling of very particularly greasy citizens and citizenesses made itself felt and seen at every point, where the critical crowd was thickest. But

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

and it were treason here, I suppose, to doubt that such a proportion of intellect and refinement lies hid under the soiled blouse and time-worn petticoat, as is, at least, equal to any that we may hope to find enveloped in lawn, and lace, and broadcloth.

“It is an uncontrovertible fact, I think, that when the immortals of Paris raised the barricades in the streets, they pulled them down, more or less, in society. But this is an evil, which those who look beyond the present hour for their sources of joy and

sorrow, need not lament. Nature herself will take care to set this right again.

Strength will be lord of imbecility; and were all men equal in the morning, they would not go to rest, till some amongst them had been thoroughly made to understand that it was their lot to strew the couches of the rest. . . . For the present moment, however, some of the rubbish that the commotion of ‘the ordonnances’ stirred up, may still be seen floating on the surface; and it is difficult to observe without a smile, in what chiefly consists the liberty which these immortals have so valiantly bled to acquire. We may truly say of the philosophical population of Paris, that they are thankful for small matters; one of the most remarkable of their newly-acquired rights being certainly the privilege of presenting themselves dirty, instead of clean, before the eyes of their magnates.”

This passage is illustrated by a caricature, the pictorial merit of which only enhances the insult it is intended to convey. The observation may, indeed, be applied to all the illustrations appended to the work. To the mere graphic merit of presenting in strong traits the absurdity which lies in externals, they join the additional quality of depicting, with equal force, the peculiarities inherent in the artist's mind. While the spectator is obliged to acknowledge the inevitable conformity of the outline to its living original, he fails not to perceive the dislike—nay, the loathing, which inspires its exaggeration; an exaggeration evidently flowing, not from a sense of the humorous or the witty, but from the spiteful and malicious.

Contrast, we beseech you, reader, the vulgar tirade above quoted, which might well become the mouth of a Virginian slave-driver, against the admission of the working classes to the humanizing spectacle of works of art (works, by-the-by, purchased by their own labour and industry), with the following passage from Mr. Bulwer:—

“Mons. Le Chevalier instituted, shortly after the revolution of July, a gratuitous course of lectures, especially adapted to the working-classes. These lectures were delivered in the Théâtre Molière, and attended by about 3,000 of the working classes of Paris. M. Le Chevalier would sometimes conduct these men to the Louvre, point out to them the pictures most deserving of attention, recount the history of the artist—the subject of the piece; and every day, so entertaining a professor found himself surrounded by new disciples.

“It may be asked of what use is painting—of what use is history or chemistry to the poor? I answer, that all knowledge is useful in softening the mind—in opening the intelligence; all knowledge, moreover, is useful, which comes as a substitute for some vicious gratification. Travel over France, and where will you find the working-classes most decent in their behaviour—most respectable in their appearance? at Metz; and why at Metz? There, there are lectures established, and supported by the respectable inhabitants and officers of the town, lectures on chemistry, history, &c. If you meet a working man (at Metz), you find him polite, polished, correct in his language, easy, without being confident in his conversation. You would take him, if he were not worse dressed and better informed, for a respectable bourgeois of Paris.”

But it is impossible for us to continue, as we had proposed, the remarks that have suggested themselves in the perusal of Mrs. Trollope's volumes. Yet would it be altogether unfair, to conclude, without distinctly stating that, her prejudices and peculiarities apart, (which, however, disfigure more or less the great majority of her pages,) her work does not deserve indiscriminate censure. There are, as might have been expected, striking descriptions, exhibiting a talent for observation, and an eloquence of expression, that merit praise, and are calculated even to raise her in the ranks of modern literature. Her literary and general criticisms, too, in the few instances in which they are not dictated by her political creed, or shaded by her

religious intolerance, evince considerable power. These merits are, indeed, exceptional; but, it would be unjust to pass them over in silence.

Musical History, Biography, and Criticism; being a general Survey of Music from the earliest period to the present time. By George Hogarth. Parker.

We have frequently been amazed at the short-sightedness of those, even among the liberal and gifted, who extol poetry as a dignified and worthy exercise of man's highest faculties, and esteem painting a noble art, inasmuch as it perpetuates the outward forms and expressions of what is beautiful in nature and humanity; and yet, in the same breath, degrade music into a mere puppet-show amusement. Surely in this they do themselves and the world much wrong. To us it appears that all the arts are intimately and indefeasibly connected, being merely different utterances of one and the same mind; that none of them can be deprived of its just honours, without injury to the symmetry of the whole. Care, however, must be taken (and in the want of it lies one principal cause of the popular misapprehension,) in considering music, to separate what is creative from what is executive; to dwell chiefly upon the genius which conceives and combines, and only to value the mechanist employed in unfolding its works to the public, in proportion as he catches a reflected light from the master spirit.

We cannot approach the details of the subject, without touching upon another point, though we do no more, lest we be led too far afield. It would be curious and interesting to consider what were the circumstances of society which kept music for so long a period in her cradle, while painting, sculpture, architecture, were at the zenith of their glory: and why, since they have passed into twilight, the science of sweet sound has come forward to open day with a brilliancy only equalled by its rapidity. As an instance of the latter, we may mention, in passing, the old Papal singer, who died only a few years ago: he began life in the days when Scarlatti and Tartini held dominion over the violin; and yet might have had a requiem played over his grave by Paganini;—he must have seen, within the compass of his own experience, the Italian operas of Handel and Hasse flourish, and those of Mozart and Rossini startle all Europe with their originality and freshness!

But we must now come more directly to the subject. If we are not so unconditional in praise of Mr. Hogarth's labours as some of our contemporaries, it is not that we undervalue the pleasantness of his style, and the general usefulness of his work, as a compendium of facts already before the world. For our own taste, indeed, he is somewhat too traditional; he has insisted upon points which are of secondary consequence, and only glanced at others, which, we think, deserved to be dwelt on at greater length. We shall, however, follow his volume as closely as our space will permit, making a casual mention of a few of the subjects, which, we think, have not received their just proportion of notice at his hands.

The first chapter is devoted to the music of the ancients—a dry and dreary wilderness, with only a feeble *ignis fatuus* to lead us through it; and little, we suspect, to repay our labour, could we throw light upon its labyrinths and lost treasures. The notices of Hebrew music found in the Scripture, while they prove the association of metrical language with harmonic sounds—while they tell us, that the Israelites had their temple-services and their battle marches, convey to us nothing that is specific and precise in their “cornet, harp, dulcimer, sackbut, and psaltery.” Nor do we learn much from being told that music

flourished in Egypt in the most ancient times: in proof of which assertion, figures of musical instruments, traced upon the walls of the temples and tombs, have been examined, and commented upon by many learned antiquaries:—Mr. Bruce, indeed, not only sent over to Doctor Burney his description of a harp, but likewise his speculations upon its compass, and the manner in which it must have been played. Now let us allow these figures all the authority which can be permitted to the most significant of symbolical pictures, and we have only the bald fact, that the Egyptians played upon stringed instruments:—we cannot guess what were their melodies and concords; and for aught we know, the Psammethises and Pharaohs, concerning whose court-music so much has been said and theorized, may, after all, have been no further advanced in the art, as we now understand it, than the grand Signior, who found the most charming part of the modern orchestral performance to lie in the tuning of the instruments. As little that is satisfactory or conclusive is known of the famous Greek music, so potent in its day. We are told, that “in the time of Homer the lyre had four strings,” and that in the days of Terpander, the number had reached seven, successive additions being made by Pythagoras and others; that music had its part in the scenic representations of the Greeks; and we are led to suppose, that the effects it produced in these (typified in the fable of Orpheus,) were at least as strong as those ever witnessed in our modern theatres. But while we possess specimens of the tragedy of these followers of beauty and imagination, filled with a majesty and passion which will never grow obsolete; and while their sculptures continue to triumph over the rarest genius of later times; the few fragments of music which have reached us are so crude and barbarous, that we must either conclude the art to have rested its strength in those days entirely upon association or convention, or, remembering its evanescence, must believe that it perished for want of a sufficient record: and yet, to reason by analogy, we have no occasion for the latter hypothesis; for the music which charmed the ears of Michel Angelo, and Dante, and Petrarca, would now put the most thorough-going lover of the ancients to sleep; whereas neither time nor change has robbed the painter or the poet of one atom of their well-deserved glory.

Presuming then that music (in our acceptance of the term,) is a modern art, and that its refinements have not necessarily kept pace with those of its kindred, we shall simply content ourselves with stating, that, in his opening chapter, Mr. Hogarth has made a judicious assemblage of the scanty facts already known. In his second, we find ourselves among the middle ages—those remarkable days, when Christianity took the arts of beauty, as well as the treasures of learning, under her exclusive care; when splendid cathedrals were built by men, who thought that every stone laid was a sin pardoned, or a step taken nearer to Paradise; and the very stage was subjected to the predominant spirit, the personages of Scripture replacing the Electas and Chremeses of the old-world tragedies and comedies. We are not surprised, then, to find the contemporary remains of the sister art consisting chiefly of lauds and penitential psalms. It has been presumed, that the music of the early christian church was borrowed from the Greeks, in consequence of St. Ambrose having used the nomenclature of that nation, when, at the end of the fourth century he introduced something like a regular system. Two centuries later, the celebrated Pope Gregory enlarged the limits of ecclesiastical composition; the chant which we owe to him has a breadth, a dignity, and a simplicity, which render it acceptable to

modern composers; to him, too, we are indebted for the dawning of the modern system of notation, subsequently improved upon by Guido d'Arezzo. As for the instruments whereby this grave old melody was accompanied, we find mention of organs at a very remote period, one having been sent to King Pepin of France, by Constantine, in 757; and it must not be forgotten, that it is to the organ, as Mr. Hogarth rightly observes, that we owe the invention of harmony. But the days of the Troubadours were to come, before the crowning grace of rhythm was to be added to melody and harmony. We should like to linger awhile among the followers of the “gai science,” but are constrained to pass them by: noting, as we proceed, that the earliest French melody on record dates as far back as the days of Thibaut, king of Navarre; the music as well as the words being composed by that monarch, and that the specimen given by Burney “is precisely like a vaudeville to a modern French opera.” We hope that the song composed by the present ruler of the Turks, which we were permitted to see not long since, is not, in like manner, prophetic of the music which is to regale the ears of Ottoman generations yet unborn or unthought of!

From the *wirelaid* and *sirentes* of these wandering minstrels, we must come at once to the sixteenth century—the time when, as Mr. Hogarth tells us, “the popular airs of different countries began to attract the notice of musicians.” From thence to our own days the chain is unbroken, the progress made by the art, gradual, but uninterrupted. Beginning with Italy, it will not be forgotten, that to Palestrina, (whose great name marks this epoch,) the Roman church owes the preservation of her magnificent musical services; the Pope being only won from his intention of banishing them from the church, by the excellence of a mass composed by this great master of sacred music. In the same period, too, flourished some of our old English madrigal writers, and composers of sacred music, among whom we may mention Bird, (the composer of “Non nobis,”) and Gibbons, and Tallis. Of these, and their works, we here find a diffuse notice; but we are not so much disposed to protest against this as disproportionate, as against the lengthy, and somewhat over-partial mention of our glee writers, at an after-part of Mr. Hogarth's volume: because we believe that England was in her earlier musical days more on a par with the rest of the world, than has ever since been the case. At the period to which we refer, part-singing formed a part of polite education; and our maiden Queen, so despot in her patronage of the arts, that she insisted upon being painted without a shadow, rested not a few of her claims to homage, upon her performance of the difficulties of the “*Virginal* boke.” Nor while we own the madrigal to be of Italian origin, are we acquainted with any foreign collection of vocal music of that period, that will put out of court ‘*The Triumphs of Oriana*.’ In Germany, at the same time, the musicians were busy studying counterpoint, laying a basis for that science, which in our own days has created instrumental composition anew. In France, we find only one contemporary name, Claude Le Jeune. He appears to have vindicated his nationality, by enthusiasms and fantasies, which it would not be hard to match in some of the *Hoffmann-ized* † critiques of the

present Parisian cognoscenti. “We are told,” says Mr. Hogarth, “that when this musician, at the nuptials of the Duke de Joyeuse, was performing one of his airs at a concert in the royal chamber, a young nobleman was so transported with passion, that he put his hand to his sword, and insisted on fighting with the persons about him, which extravagance surprised the king exceedingly; but Claude told his majesty that was merely the effect of his music, and that he would calm the young gentleman in a moment, by playing an air in the *hypo-Phrygian* mode. He did so, and the subject of his experiment immediately returned to his senses, and begged pardon of the king, who only laughed at his vivacity.”

With the seventeenth century arose the musical drama in Italy; the people, it seems, had grown tired of seeing ‘*Noah* and his Family,’ and the ‘*Nativity*,’ and the story of ‘*Joseph* and his Brethren,’ represented on the stage, and wished to find their amusement in scenes and characters that came closer to their own sympathies. Here, then, begins the division between Opera and Oratorio; the latter became exclusively sacred,—the former took the place which it has since retained as the favourite national amusement; for a while, however, the two kept close together in the character of their music, as well as in the form of their representation, for we are told that the choruses of “the first sacred drama that was entirely sung,” (the ‘*Rappresentazione del Animo e del Corpo*,’ by Emilio del Cavaliere, performed at Rome in 1600,) “were accompanied by *dancing*, which must have been of a very grave character to correspond with such music.” And we question whether any of the early operatic performances of that day, were found more dramatic in their effect than Stradella's Oratorio di San Giovanni Battista, in which the pathos of the music, in the composer's own exquisite singing gave its fullest effect, was moving enough, as the legend tells us, to soften the hearts of two hired bravos, who had been stationed near the church where he was to sing, by a jealous rival, for the purpose of waylaying and murdering him on his way home. The first opera introduced into Rome was composed by one Quagliati, and performed by a company who perambulated the streets in a cart, during the carnival of 1606. From this time forth, the lyric drama made rapid strides; and by the close of the century, had availed itself of *spectacle* for the heightening of its effects, to a degree which, if we are to believe the accounts of the magnificent decorations and properties of the opera of ‘*Berenice*,’ composed by Freschi, and performed at Padua in 1680, it would be hard to find surpassed at the *Scala* or *Académie Royale* of our own day. “From the account of the decorations contained in the printed edition of the piece,” says Mr. Hogarth, “it appears that there were choruses of one hundred virgins, one hundred soldiers, one hundred horsemen in iron armour, forty cornet-players, and six trumpeters on horseback, six drummers, six ensigns, six great flutes, six minstrels playing on Turkish instruments, six others playing on octave flutes, six pages, three sergeants, six cymbalists, twelve huntsmen, twelve grooms, six coachmen for the triumph, six others for the procession, two lions led by two Turks, two elephants by two others, Berenice's triumphal car drawn by four horses, six other cars with prisoners and spoils drawn by twelve horses, and six coaches for the procession!!” The scenery and machinery are de-

† It may be necessary to explain our epithet for some of our readers. Hoffmann, the most fantastic writer of the most fantastic German school, has become a favourite author in Paris of late; where, in fact, anything wild and eccentric enough, was sure to meet with a welcome. Some of the young French writers have not only attempted to imitate and surpass his mingling of the grotesque and homely, with the supernatural, (a task impossible, when undertaken *ex proposito*;) but they have caught something of his visionary spirit in their criticisms on art, and, as might

have been expected, seem disposed to carry it (already wild enough) to the wildest possible extremes. None more than ourselves deprecate the stop-watch style of dogmatizing; but these rhapsodists run a risk of bringing what they reverence into derision, by forgetting that all powers of expression have their limits; and that, pushed beyond these, science becomes pedantry, and feeling trenches upon insanity.

scribed as being on a scale of magnitude and splendour of which, even in these days of *spec-tacle*, we can hardly form a conception. Among other things, there were stables for a hundred live horses; a forest for hunting, with representations of every species of chase—as of the wild boar, the stag, and the bear. At the end of the third act, an enormous globe descended from the sky, which, opening, divided itself into two other globes, that were suspended in the air; and on these globes were representations of Time, Fame, Virtue, and other allegorical figures." This passage is worth notice yet more than for its curiosity, for the consolation it may offer to those who fear that in our own days their favourite art may suffer shipwreck, by the splendour of the form in which it is necessary to bring it forward so as to attract public attention. Its protection, however, lies in the limited means of the machinist and the decorator; and the amateur may console himself, by remembering that the magnificence of this unprecedented pageant does not appear to have in any way retarded the appearance or cramped the efforts of that phalanx of brilliant writers, who produced more excellent and less tawdry works, shortly after its now forgotten composer had been thus made a secondary party to the procession-master and the scene-painter.

Among the other notable composers of the seventeenth century, we must enumerate Carissimi, Cesti, Salvator Rosa, the painter, the poet, and the musician,—a bright example of the theory we started at the commencement of our notice, of the close connexion of the arts,—and Alessandro Scarlatti. We must mention, too, Allegri, the composer of the far-famed 'Miserere,'—a composition which owes the amazing effects it produces, rather to the time, and place, and mode of its performance, than to its intrinsic matchlessness. We must note, too, that in the seventeenth century, the Italian composers are said to have availed themselves of their national airs yet more than they had hitherto done, and thereby to have improved their melodies. It would be curious to meet with some of these early specimens in their pure state; and we doubt not that on comparing them with those that float through the vineyards and along the quays of Italy in our own day, we should find that, in the main, the national melodies of the country had advanced in regularity and sweetness, in proportion to the progress made by artificial music; having a half faith in the theory, that it is to the imperceptible cultivation of civilization, (which must pervade popular taste, however small be its degree,) and not to chance, that we owe the symmetry and the beauty of much of what is, by some, called the only genuine music; which has been, in the first instance, nothing more than the crude efforts of those gifted with the necessary aptitude to imitate the pleasanter sounds of nature and daily life.

In his fourth chapter, Mr. Hogarth dismisses the composers of Germany and France during the seventeenth century, merely lingering upon Lulli, to tell his well-known history. It will be remembered that he was a native of Florence; that he thereby raised himself from the mean condition of a scullion in Madame de Montpensier's establishment to that of leader of the King of France's famous "four-and-twenty violins," and the fashionable composer of Quinault's operas. The last moments of Lulli's life,—his cheaterly of the bigoted confessor, who refused to grant him absolution, unless he committed his last score to the flames, by complying with his injunction, because he had another copy, and his dying to the music of one of his own airs, 'Il faut mourir, pêcheur, il faut mourir,'—are things to weave into a romance; and are plea-

santly told by Mr. Hogarth. But here we must return a step, to protest against an opinion advanced by our author in the early part of the chapter,—namely, that the gift of melody is so exclusively Italian, that the Germans owe to "draughts from its fountain," most of their popularity;—those who have not imbibed this peculiar spirit of the south, merely producing music "that is dry and overlaboured, abounding in rugged combinations, and deficient in smooth and agreeable strains,—partaking too much, in short, of the qualities of *sauer kraut* to all but German tastes." Mr. Hogarth proceeds to apply his remark to "all the music of Mozart, to most of that of Haydn; to those parts of all the greatest works of Beethoven, where the most enchanting strains of melody come upon the ear, through his wild and gloomy masses of sound, like gleams of sunshine through the clouds and darkness of an April sky; and, finally, to the best and happiest effusions of Weber and Spohr." Now this, we think, is going somewhat too far; simply, because we believe that melody is a natural gift, and not to be found out by study, though it may be, in general terms, said to be bestowed in the largest portions upon those whose impulses and passions are the quickest—and among these are the southern nations. We believe, too, that without this natural gift, no one ever was, or will become, a great composer; and while we allow all possible weight to the reciprocal influence which the arts of different nations exercise on each other, we should rather ascribe what Mr. Hogarth somewhat flippantly calls the predominance of *sauer kraut* harmony of the Germans, to the laborious diligence of their national character, than to their impossibility of conceiving any fresh and spontaneous strains, without having had recourse to the "fountain of Italian inspiration." It is unwise thus to set up one school above another, when, if we inquire curiously into the subject, the greatest originality merely resolves itself into the power of making the happiest use of materials common to all.

But, to return to the seventeenth century, it may be stated, without any fear of controversy, that England (musically speaking) never held her head higher among the nations than during its course. It is remarkable, too, that the memorable Revolution, which then swept over Great Britain, proved no more fatal to the art (delicate as it would seem—a thing hardly to live through one single storm,) than did the Reign of Terror, and the National Convention, destroy the genius of Cherubini and Boieldieu. In the golden days of which we speak, we find, among our native composers, the honoured names of Lawes—"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song" is immortal—Lock, Purcell, Blow, Wise: and, whilst writing, call to mind the well-known anecdote (forgotten, however, by Mr. Hogarth) of John Abell, the artist sent abroad, by the merry Monarch, to challenge the Rubinis and Hatzingers of his day, who, for his caprices at one of the German courts, was, by way of punishment, drawn up to the roof of one of the palace-salons: an anecdote which proves that we, too, had our singers. For musical chroniclers—all reverence be to the shades of the courtly, but somewhat superficial, Burney, and of the graver Sir John Hawkins—we shall seek in vain among our more recent writers, and hardly find one so quaint, so amusing, so sound-hearted, as worthy Master Mace—whose style, by the way, strangely reminds us in its fantastic double epithets, its homely enthusiasm, and its conceited humour, of the writing of John Paul Richter: indeed, we should like nothing better than to extract here the pretty passage given by Mr. Hogarth, wherein the worthy master descants upon the pleasant memories of his

young days of wedded happiness, stirred up by the tune "which most of his scholars call Mrs. Mace." But we must not be led away from generals to details. There were many circumstances tending to encourage the art among us during the seventeenth century: for then Milton and Jonson condescended to furnish songs for the musician;—and where shall we find such songs among the works of modern lyrists?—and the splendid witch scenes of Macbeth had hitherto been unfitted with melody; and "glorious John" contrived operas—somewhat different these from the *libretti* of the —s of our own day;—and Inigo Jones was machinist; and the masques thus auspiciously put together were not merely patronized, but performed by the flower of the nobility. Our instrumental performers, it is true, were then, as more recently, chiefly derived from the continent; but the orchestral science of all Europe might then justly be likened to the faintest possible glimmer upon the horizon.

We cannot, however, leave this bright time, without venturing (and the risk is not a trifle) to qualify some of the over-strained and traditional admiration, which Mr. Hogarth has followed his predecessors in expressing, for two of its most particular stars—we mean, Lock and Purcell. It is a thankless task, to lead the way in administering sterner justice to worthies of our own land, than they have yet received; but, when we find Dr. Burney's *dictum* quoted, "that in the accent, passion, and expression, of *English words*, the vocal music of Purcell is sometimes, to my feeling, as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation," we think it but our duty to protest against an opinion which appears to us *molto caricato*. To deny genius to either of these fine old writers, would be to "write ourselves down asses"; but we must put it on record, that half the extreme praise so constantly lavished upon them, has always appeared to us (with every wish to be convinced of the contrary,) in the light of blind and traditional nationality. To our ears, the choruses of Macbeth, and the cantatas and part-songs of Purcell, but sound like the germs of music; while, notwithstanding all that is ancient and gone by in Handel's *poorest* compositions, (we are meeting the cloud of witnesses on their own ground in making the comparison,) we find in them a completeness and a regularity, which give them a freshness and interest even to modern ears—his noble inspirations are as new to-day as they were a hundred years since! We have yet to hear any secular music by Lock or Purcell, that will hold place, for a moment, beside his organ concertos, gavottes, and minuets; his opera airs, and the choruses of his *Acis* and *Galatea*;—it would be preposterous to carry the parallel into the region of sacred composition.

Here we must stop, for the present; we have a bright period yet to travel through in Mr. Hogarth's company.

A Residence in Brazil.—[*Zehn Jahre in Brasilien, &c.*—Von Carl Seidler. 2 vols. Quedlinburg: Basse; London, Black.

Carl Seidler, by birth a Brunswicker, seems to be one of the restless youths formed by these days of excitement, who cannot endure the dullness of life at home; he therefore, at sixteen, went to Brazil to seek both his fortune and the mental stimulants incident to a younger state of society. There he served in one of the Emperor Pedro's German corps—was, with those corps, cashiered preparatory to that monarch's overthrow—turned his attention awhile to traffic—and finally, tired of disorder, it should seem, returned home to see whether, after all, cultivated Europe might not be more agreeable than ignorant Brazil. As he had opportunities of seeing much of this transatlantic empire, his

book is both informing and entertaining, though it might have been more so, had his attention not been diverted from Brazilian affairs to the interest of his certainly ill-used countrymen, whether soldiers or colonists. We shall select some of Seidler's characteristic sketches, beginning with those which more generally portray the social condition of the country, and concluding with what may be considered political. The first that attracts us relates to the theatre, in which, under Pedro I., Italian operas were performed; but where the present patriots choose to applaud Brazilian plays, or translations of foreign pieces by Mulatto authors and actors—(Mulattoes seem to constitute the mass of the population)—and which, according to Seidler, are so bad, that "the only thing that can now attract foreigners, resident at Rio, to the theatre, is the *fandango* of Senhora Rocardine Soares."

In addition to the bad pieces, one's life is not always safe in the theatre, now that it has assumed a patriotic character. • • A new national mulatto-drama had been announced. The *fandango* was over, and I would fain have sought the open air to cool my boiling blood; but I could not make my way through the joyous expecting throng, and was compelled to see the wretched local drama. Truth to tell, I had fallen asleep, and my fancy was dancing the *fandango*, when I was suddenly awakened by the cry of "The Republic for ever!" A hundred voices replied, "The Republic! the Republic!"—a significant echo, afterwards put to shame. (This was after the fall of Pedro I.) "Viva Dom Pedro segundo!" (Anglice, Don Pedro II. for ever!) now rang from the dandies and fine ladies; whilst "Viva Dom Pedro primeiro!" (the First) resounded from the pit and some of the boxes. The curtain fell, the gas-lights gradually went out, poniards flashed—the riot had begun. A *Juiz de Paz* (justice of the peace) now presented his awful corpulence above the satin cushion of his box, and, yawning, enjoined tranquillity, with the usual Portuguese accompaniment of execrations. The youth who had at first shouted for the Republic, answered by a gesture too coarse for description, and a few analogous words. The magistrate accepted the challenge, and commanded the officer on duty to load, guard the doors, and suffer none of the criminals (including the whole audience) to escape. The moment that the soldiers showed themselves with bayonets fixed, at the open doors, several pistol shots were fired at them from the pit and boxes, and the infuriated multitude rushed upon them like a storm-driven torrent. The *Juiz de Paz* now lost patience and collectedness; trembling he leaned against the pillars of his box, and gave the command to fire. "Fogo!" (fire) thundered the officer to his men. The balls rattled amongst the thickest of the crowd, and upwards of thirty lay dead or wounded upon the ground. The intoxication of zeal was gone—the enfeebled people had been let blood—all now broke through the guards, and every one betook himself quietly to his home. • • The immoderate valour of the *Juiz de Paz* was rewarded by a few months' imprisonment.

Yet we are told that these justices of the peace, seemingly so much disdained upon the occasion in question, possess the only real authority in Brazil.

It is only the justices of the peace, who, being elected by the people, and exercising their honourable office gratuitously, enjoy public consideration, and are almost blindly obeyed. Their jurisdiction is extensive; and although they cannot decide any lawsuit concerning more than sixteen dollars, yet their opinion is generally adopted by the higher tribunals; their recommendation is equivalent to a verdict. The military is at their disposal in case of riots, and the police always. By way of distinction they wear a broad green and yellow ribbon thrown over the right shoulder and reaching to the left hip—the ensign of their knightly dignity. If, in the midst of a popular sedition or tumult, they show this ribbon, order is usually at once restored. Even the appearance of a *Juiz de Paz*, with his kindly serious words, has often more influence over the multitude than the whole military array.

Do these statements contradict each other? We must answer the question, by confessing that we think Herr Carl Seidler unphilosophical. He writes, seemingly, under the influence of single incidents, and generalizes hastily. Moreover, we are led to suspect him of credulity, by a marvellous account of the English government having fitted out a frigate as a South Sea whaler, and given the command to an ignorant drunkard, whereby an English rogue, domiciliated at Santa Catarina, was enabled slyly to steal the said whaling frigate, together with an immense cargo of money. For this reason we shall omit hearsay stories, and confine our extracts to what Seidler speaks of as having seen, where we suspect him of nothing more than perhaps rather high colouring. Our next extract, of which he knew the hero, will show, in a yet stronger light than the theatre scene, Brazilian recklessness of human life.

Murders are far more frequent than robberies; but the unfortunates who thus atrociously lose their blooming lives by a bullet or the stab of a knife, never fall victims to a base desire of plunder: revenge, outraged honour, or jealousy, are the usual motives. The assassin walks abroad free and undisturbed. He is not abhorred, dreaded, or persecuted: he everywhere finds friends, who, when needful, will conceal and protect him: he boasts of his crime, and receives from the people the honoured title of *o duro* (the hard one). • • The police purposely ignore his crime—even the judges, who should condemn, protect him, and unless the family of the murdered man be very rich, and lavish their wealth upon the cause, he is seldom taken up.

Such a *duro*, the perpetrator of a score of murders, or, as a genuine Brazilian would call them, *murderkins*, is now living in the immediate vicinity of Rio. He bears the name of Guimaraes. He is said once to have been the handsomest man in the capital; and the first death-stroke he dealt, not a murder, but the just punishment of infidelity in a being to whom he had idly sacrificed the fairest hopes of his youth. This first well-planned and energetically-executed deed, decided his future lot: he forsook home, parents, friends—he renounced all the joys promised him by a large fortune. He was a *duro*, and, as such, he resolved to live. • • He is now no longer young and handsome, but powerful, wealthy, and dreaded. • •

Under the late king of Portugal, John VI., was made the first attempt to seize this dangerous man. A strong military detachment was sent to his *fazenda* (estate), with orders to bring him in, alive or dead. Secretly as the expedition was dispatched, the *duro*, more potent in Brazil than king or emperor, was forewarned. He might have fled, but never did Guimaraes fly. He assembled his friends, mostly mulattoes, to the number of more than 200, and bade the advancing soldiers defiance. Under cover of night the detachment crept near and surrounded the villa; the commanding officer, with strategic science, posted his men so that the foe might not escape the skillfully-prepared snare. Suddenly the mulatto troop burst from their ambush; the surprised soldiers had not even time to load; and those who could not escape into the woods were cut down without mercy. The *duro* royally celebrated his easy victory. The government, instead of taking stronger measures against the bold criminal, entered into negotiation with him; and the end of the story was, that Guimaraes paid 3000 dollars, and obtained a full pardon for the past.

Turn we to less sanguinary matters. Water, everywhere one of the first necessities of life, is of inestimable importance in tropical climates, and its value is fully appreciated at Rio.

The most remarkable architectural ornament of the metropolis is indisputably the *Cariocca* (aqueduct). From the Corcovado Rock, which stands a mile and a half off at the southern entrance of the harbour, water, clear as crystal, is brought over innumerable gigantic arches, in many places 150 feet high, across hill and dale, to the town. Though the aqueduct be not everywhere duly covered up, it preserves the water extraordinarily pure and cool, even in the greatest heat of summer. • • This

water is carried about the streets by negroes for sale, and usually the bucket costs from thirty to forty *reis* (about twopence). But, in the hot season, when the rain water that collects in a basin at the foot of the Corcovado, is dried up, and the rock spring becomes inadequate to supply the incessant demand, the price sometimes rises to 200, or 300 *reis*. When the first necessary of life thus unfortunately becomes an article of luxury, the negroes press in crowds about the chief fountain to fill their large buckets, as quick and as often as possible, which, of course, produces riots and blows. A guard is therefore here indispensable. A number of police soldiers, armed with heavy sticks, constantly walk backwards and forwards before the fountain, obliging the blacks to come and go in regular order. Proofs of the executive power are abundant; but what cares a negro for the soundest beating, if he can thereby earn a few more *reis* than he is compelled to give his master. He drinks these gains in the nearest *venda*, or public-house.

Our author gives a diverting account of his first interview with the Emperor, to whom he had recourse when the ministers took no notice of his application for a commission.

At daybreak I went to St. Christovão (the imperial villa-palace). • • More than an hour I stood, like a beggar at the rich man's door, pressing my burning brow against the iron-grating. • • Suddenly I saw a man in a blue great coat and white trousers, his face shaded by a broad-brimmed white hat, come hastily from the castle towards the stables. He passed close by me, without observing me; his mind was absorbed by some great thought, and his dark gaze fixed on the distance. He was below the middle size, his carriage military, and the stern gravity of his countenance bespoke the sovereign. He was marked with the small pox—his lower parts bore no symmetrical proportion to his well-rounded bust; yet at first sight he was sure to be called handsome. Black locks curled round his lofty forehead, and his dark-flashing eye indicated self-reliance, despotism, and amatory success. I was looking after him in astonishment, when I heard heavy steps following. It was a servant in the imperial livery, and the blue great coat was the Emperor in person. I hurried to the stable, where I found his majesty cursing and swearing. Not a groom-boy, not even a negro, was in attendance, and Dom Pedro was obliged to bridle and saddle his horse for himself, which he did so dexterously, that it was clear he had met with such difficulties before. I advanced boldly, presented my petition, and, in a few words of French, explained my wishes. "Wait a minute, I shall be back directly," said he in French, and, springing on his English steed, galloped off. • • I had waited about a quarter of an hour by the stable door, when I suddenly heard the drums of the palace guard, and saw somebody at the castle door, about 150 paces distant, beckoning to me. I recognized the Emperor, and flew to obey the summons. As I approached, he slowly drew off his right glove, and gave me his hand to kiss, according to Brazilian custom. That done, I repeated my request, and offered my petition, which he ran over, and deliberately refolded. His large black eye rested long and inquisitively upon me. My heart thrilled.

"Go to the Minister at War, and do not fear—you shall be employed," the monarch, at length, said, and a slight smile played on his lips, as he graciously returned my paper. • •

Two days afterwards a great crowd had collected in front of the palace to see the imperial pair drive out; and many high-born officers, drawn up in two lines, awaited the happiness of kissing hands. I leaned against a side pillar, an idle spectator of the ceremony.

Dom Pedro came forth, leading his illustrious consort by the hand, and attended by the Minister at War and several foreign envoys. Casually he noticed me, and beckoned me forward. He spoke audibly to the Empress; I then knew too little Portuguese to understand him, but observed that he pointed to me. I had never before seen the Empress; that admirable woman, so often a mediatrix between sovereign and people, so idolized throughout Brazil.

The value of this popular idolatry is some-

what lowered, by the subsequent information, that her successor at once succeeded to it.

"My husband bids me ask you what more he can do for you?" she said to me, with a smile, in the Austrian dialect. I recovered my courage—my voice, and in my mother-tongue volubly described my comfortless condition, &c. * Leopoldine of Austria quietly listened, and, in a whisper, translated my words to Dom Pedro. He laughed and kissed her hand: when all present smiled in delight, for seldom did Dom Pedro display such gallantry towards his wife. * * * Two days afterwards I was Second Lieutenant in the 27th battalion of German Chasseurs.

Apocryph of this remark upon Don Pedro's deficiency in gallantry towards his beautiful Empress, we may observe, that Seidler gives many anecdotes of his Majesty's ill-treatment of his wife, and of his vulgar amours. But with such we shall not sully our columns: besides, we seek what is nationally, not what is personally characteristic. As such we might, indeed, reckon our author's own affairs of gallantry, since he represents wives and maids of all conditions as equally prompt to throw themselves into his arms: but we would fain think him calumnious, and forbear. One tale of scandal, however, which seems truly Brazilian, or, at least, tolerably un-European, and of much of which our author was an eye-witness, we will extract.

Upon one of my commercial expeditions I spent some time at the hamlet of St. Anna de Piray, and lodged directly opposite to the *venda* of one Antonio Vieira. This man, honest and good for a Brazilian, though irritable and passionate, lived in a lawless union with a Dulcinea, who, though far from beautiful, held the good-natured owner of the public-house bound as by a spell. He was married, and the father of a nearly grown-up family; but forsook wife, sons, and daughters, for love of this woman; and had bought the *venda* only to have a pretext for withdrawing from his nearest connexions, and living with his unchaste nymph in concealment. While he was here pouring out a glass of new rum to every passing negro for ten or twenty *reis*, his wife and children resided in the handsome, for this country almost magnificent, mansion of his *fazenda*. * * *

Ere long a mulatto, distinguished on account of his burly person by the name of *João grande*, (big John), appeared in the neighbourhood, and sought to renew an early, but long-forgotten intimacy with Senhora Petronina. This was not so easy as the strolling vagabond had imagined; the cunning, though frail fair, very decidedly preferring the heavy purse of the *fazendeiro* (landed proprietor) to the ragged lover of her youth. * * * But the enterprising mulatto was not to be daunted by Senhora Petronina's denials; more or less, as both well knew, she was in his power, since, were his early amour with the pure virgin revealed to the violent Vieira, the probability was that she would receive her dismissal in the form of a kick.

Under pretence of seeking work, big John one morning entered the *venda* of the *fazendeiro*, who was toying with his charmer. In this scantily peopled district the offer of a robust labourer was welcome to Vieira. He took him into his service, promising him half the produce of the coffee he should gather, and allotted him a little chamber next his own. * * * Still the mulatto's hopes were foiled by the courtesan's steadiness.

At length the *fazendeiro* smelt a rat. He observed that when he and his slaves were busy in the field, the new servant, instead of helping, had always some call home. Sometimes he had forgotten his knife; and Antonio Vieira well knew that no Brazilian ever forgets his knife! He questioned Petronina, who protested her own fidelity, but acknowledged the brown mongrel's pursuit of her.

Without alleging any reason, Vieira dismissed the mulatto, who departed vowing revenge, and was hired by a neighbouring *fazendeiro*, who, like Vieira, had left a handsome mansion, wife and children, to keep a public-house with a wanton. * * *

When the coffee was gathered, dried, shelled, packed, and ready to be dispatched to Rio, the mulatto appeared in Vieira's *venda*, and demanded his

pay. A quarrel arose as to the quantity of beans picked by *João grande*, which would have ended in bloodshed, but for the interposition of the drinkers and gamblers present. * * * Next Sunday big John returned. * * * I witnessed the ensuing scene from my window.

The mulatto, when he found words unavailing, drew a long knife from his belt, and thundered, "Dog, I will drink thy blood! this day will I drink it!" The *fazendeiro*, instantly arming himself, brandished his dagger. * * * *João grande*, yet more exasperated by this unlooked-for resistance, now told the tale of Petronina's licentious life. Suddenly the kitchen-door opened, and the enraged woman, with dishevelled hair, rushed out gnashing her teeth, fell, like a tigress robbed of her young, upon the athletic man, and plunged a knife into his body. He rushed staggering out of the door. * * * Many men now seized the fury, and sought to take her weapon from her. She bit, scratched, dealt blows on all sides, yelling and screaming, till she sank fainting to the ground. Vieira pursued his enemy, and with a long, iron-pointed pole, struck him about the head and neck till he gave no signs of life.

The timely arrival of his new master rescued the mulatto whilst yet alive; and now, the publicity of the last scene rendered the interference of a *Juiz de Paz* inevitable. But both gentlemen ale-house keepers bribed high, and in the end nobody seems to have been punished.

These transactions passed in the *venda* of a white gentleman. We will now give the picture of a mulatto *venda*, in which our German Lieutenant, returning alone from a country visit, was invited by the yellow landlord to pass the night gratis.

A fire, kindled in the middle of the room, diffused a pitchy smoke that threatened suffocation. Around it sat ten or twelve persons, mostly negroes and mulattoes, eagerly roasting pieces of beef, fixed upon long sticks; which lumps of flesh, with impatient bestial voracity, they devoured half raw. The mulatto mistress of the hovel, with her bare-footed, half-naked, half-grown children of both sexes, sat right opposite the door, which was kept open to ensure a draught to the fire. * * *

"Sit down without ceremony, Master Lieutenant," said a thick-set mulatto of the party, and pushed a horse's skull to the fire for me. I took the offered seat, and by the flickering light of the flame, looked at my neighbours. My right-hand man was a tall, lanky fellow, whose yellowish-brown orange complexion bespoke the son of a mulatto and a negress; a Spanish cloak of coarse brown cloth muffled his flat malignant face up to the nose; a large hat, flapped over the angular forehead, suffered only the dark gleaming eyes to be perceived. From his right boot glittered the silver hilt of a sharp knife; at his side hung a horseman's sabre, that reminded one of the days of Orlando and the Round Table, and in his red worsted belt stuck a pair of pistols, fully displayed whenever he flung back his cloak as he ate. My left hand neighbour, though shorter, was not less suspicious looking. * * * Probably they saw my distrustful mood; for they unanimously assured me, with a frankness that banished all misgivings, that I was a most welcome guest, they being partizans of the foreign troops, and having, moreover, upwards of a week since adopted the principle of hanging up no more white skins in the air to dry. * * *

A scraped cow-hide, stretched on a wooden frame in a corner of the room, was shown me as my bed.

* * * Overpowered by weariness and smoke, I was soon asleep. When I awoke, the goodly company was still together; cards had kept them awake all night. These men, whose clothing hung about them in tatters, who had not even salt, much less bread, to their half-raw beef, were now staking Spanish doubloons and handfulls of silver upon a single card; with amazement I beheld some of them draw leathern bags of gold out of their ragged trousers, and empty them on the ground, to try whether, in a lucky minute, they might not double or triple their capital. Beside each player lay his knife, ready, in case of dispute, to make an end of his antagonist.

Of this mulatto, or shall we say Brazilian, passion for play, another instance occurs.

One Sunday morning a wager, concerning the speed of two *Petiscos*, (a sort of small Cossack horse,) was

to be decided. The wager was not trifling; two peasants had each staked a thousand Spanish piastres on the race. The one brought a little, fiery, black horse, and was accompanied by his whole family, including three or four pretty young girls, in a wagon drawn by six oxen. The other, a ruddy, clumsy, short man, rode a white horse, evidently lame of one foot. A roll of drums gave the signal. Both animals started with inconceivable swiftness, and at first the little black devil had the advantage of his lame white competitor; but suddenly the latter, shaking, lion-like, his long uncombed mane, seemed to collect his powers—and won the race. At this moment I heard a loud yell from the wagon, containing the family of the master of the black, and plainly heard the youngest daughter say, not very softly, to the mother, "Now we are completely undone!" The loser hurried away, rage and despair in every feature; his family weeping and lamenting, and drawn by only two oxen, followed to their lost home.

We reserve some other equally striking pictures for a second notice.

List of New Books.—Templeton's Millwright and Engineer's Pocket Companion, 3rd edit., with Appendix, 12mo. 6s.—Murch's History of the Presbyterians of the West of England, 8vo. 12s.—Ritchie's Differential and Integral Calculus, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Cadell's America and England, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Kidd's London Journal for 1835, folio, 7s. 6d.—London in all its Glory, or How to Enjoy London to Perfection, 18mo. 1s.—Exercises for Ladies, calculated to Preserve and Improve Beauty, by Donald Walker, 12mo. 8s. roan.—Burns's Christian Sketch-Book, 2nd Series, 12mo. 4s.—Election calmly Considered, by John Crap, 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The British Pulpit, Vol. IV. 8vo. 8s.—Welchman on the Thirty-nine Articles, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Papyro-Plastics, square, 3s. 6d.—Gwynne on Probate and Legacy Duties, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s.—The Child's Own Book, square, 7s. 6d.—The Beauties of Washington Irving, 4th edit. 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Our Village, by Miss Mitford, new edit. 3 vols. 6s. 2s. 6d.—A Popular Manual of the Art of Preserving Health, by J. B. Davis, royal 12mo. 10s.—The Sportsman's Manual for 1836, folio, 21s. 6d.—A Manual of the French Verbs, 12mo. 2s.—Contemplation, or a Christian's Wanderings, by William Vivian, 8vo. 5s.—Impressions of America, during the years 1833-4-5, by Tyrone Power, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Poems, by Chando Leigh, Esq., 5s.—The Child's Own History of France, sq. 3s. 6d. h.f. bd.—MacGillivray's Rapacious Birds of Great Britain, 12mo. 9s.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

STEAM NAVIGATION TO AMERICA.

WHEN steam navigation to India was first proposed, we brought the subject before our readers, and considered dispassionately the advantages and disadvantages of the several routes—by the Euphrates (*Athen*, No. 380), by the Red Sea (No. 381), and, subsequently, by the Cape (No. 387). A question of still greater interest, steam navigation between Great Britain and America, now occupies public attention. Assuredly, between no countries in the world is a regular, efficient, and speedy communication, more desirable than between Great Britain and the United States of America. The numbers and respectability of the emigrants and passengers, who annually leave our shores for those of the Western hemisphere, and the vast extent of the commercial intercourse existing between the two countries, demanded the substitution of a more safe and certain mode of transit than that afforded by the sailing vessel, if such be practicable. Of this there seems to be little doubt; and the time is believed to have arrived for accomplishing it, and by steam navigation. Within the last few years, steam navigation has extended to the Baltic, the Euxine, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. A visit to St. Petersburg or Constantinople, to Alexandria or Jerusalem, is now talked of, as a tour to the Rhine, or a visit to Rome, was formerly. To extend the same facilities of communication to the new world, is, as Dr. Lardner expresses it, "one of the grandest projects that ever occupied the mind of man."

Opinions, however, differ widely on the best means of accomplishing this grand project. The British and American Steam Navigation Company seem to anticipate no difficulty in going direct from London and Portsmouth to New York, while Dr. Lardner asserts, that to go to New York direct is as difficult as to go to the Moon, but sees no difficulty in the voyage between Valentia and St. John's. The Knight of Kerry, too, and his condutors, think it of vital importance to the whole scheme, that Valentia, and Valentia only, should be the port of arrival and

departure. They seem to be of opinion, that no man can see too much of the green isle, and would not, for the world, that a passenger should embark at Lime-
rick, maintaining, that nature never intended the Shannon for steam navigation, and they will have St. George's Channel connected with the Atlantic by a railway, running, nearly one-half its length, parallel to the most navigable river in the kingdom.

Now, let us analyze these opposite methods of attaining the same end, for the object is the same—viz. a line of steam communication to and from New York, the centre of the wealth and intelligence, the head-quarters of the enterprise and commerce, the focus to and from which tend all lines of communication—the capital, in fact, of the Western hemisphere.

The progress of steam navigation, within the last few years, is familiar to all, and has far outstripped the most sanguine expectations of its first projectors. The facility with which voyages to and from the Peninsula and Mediterranean are made by vessels, originally used in the coasting trade, until supplanted there by more powerful and efficient vessels, present the natural inference, that, by enlarging the size and increasing the power, the limits of steam navigation may be extended till they embrace the circumference of the globe, conveying the manners and manufactures of our country to the uttermost ends of the earth. We are aware that we do not agree with Dr. Lardner in this, as he asserts, that any proposed voyage, which may extend beyond fifteen days, is "chimerical"; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that ten years ago, it would have been "chimerical" to talk of a voyage from Falmouth to Malta in ten, or from Bombay to Suez in twenty-one days; to place any limit, then, (after the experience of the last few years) to steam navigation, appears to us to savour, at least, of inexperience.

We will first state the route by which it is proposed to convey passengers from London to New York, taking these cities as the centres of their respective countries, and begin with the proposed line, *via* Valentia, advocated by Dr. Lardner. It is composed of several stages. From London to Liverpool, by railway, 200 miles; from Liverpool to Dublin, by steam packets, 130 miles; from Dublin to Valentia, by railway, 200 miles; from Valentia to St. John's, Newfoundland, 1900 miles; from thence to Halifax, Nova Scotia, 550 miles; thence to New York, 700 miles. On the other hand, the British and American Steam Navigation Company propose, in their prospectus, to take the passenger on board at London or Portsmouth, and land him at New York. In the one instance, therefore, the passenger would change his conveyance at least four times; in the other, he would step on board and be landed at his destination.

There can be no doubt about the practicability of the route by Valentia, when the Liverpool Railway is completed, and the Valentia one in operation; but some, and we confess ourselves among the number, may doubt its convenience, in comparison with the direct line, and, if that can be established, we suspect the public will prefer it, on the grounds of comfort, economy, and dispatch.

In endeavouring to prove the practicability of a line of steam packets, direct to and from the commercial centres of both countries, we must reason from analogy; and, we think, it will not be difficult to prove, that, if a voyage of 2000 miles can be made in ten, a voyage of 3000 miles may be made in fifteen days.

The steam vessels at present employed by His Majesty's Government, in conveying the mail to Gibraltar, Malta, and Alexandria, are considered, by many, as on too small a scale for the efficient performance of the voyage, few of them exceeding 300 tons capacity; their average speed is 170 miles per day; but the steam frigate *Medea*, the only one of a suitable size that has made the voyage between Falmouth and Malta, averaged upwards of 200 miles per day; and there is no doubt that, if the Mediterranean packets were increased to the size of the *Medea*, with a proper proportion of power, their average speed would be equal to, if it did not exceed, hers. We know, indeed, that many private vessels exceed it; that it would be easy for the government, at this moment, to contract for vessels to carry the mails, guaranteed to maintain an average speed of ten miles per hour the year round; and we see no reason why an aver-

age speed of 200 miles per day cannot be effected on the Atlantic, if it can be in the Bay of Biscay, particularly as the vessel would be much larger, and, of course, in proportion to her power, more easily propelled.

The question then resolves itself into the practicability of constructing a vessel of sufficient capacity to carry passengers, goods, stores, and fuel, a distance of 3,000 miles; and, we think, a vessel of 1,200 tons, as proposed, and 300 horse power, would have that capacity in the following proportions:—

Weight of machinery	300 tons
Weight of coals	600 ditto
Weight of passengers	100 ditto
Weight of goods	200 ditto
	1,200 tons

Taking the consumption of fuel at 30 tons per day of Newcastle coal, or 25 tons of the best Welsh, it gives a total consumption respectively of 450 and 375 tons for a distance of 3,000 miles. As steam vessels can never compete with sailing vessels in the freight of dead weight, none but the finer descriptions of goods would be shipped by them, of which such vessels would carry 500 or 600 measurement tons.

If we are correct in these calculations, there is nothing "chimerical" in proposing to make the voyage to New York direct; indeed, it appears to us, that nothing more is necessary than to enlarge the vessels and machinery we have at present in use.

The probability of the Valentia Railway being carried into execution, is, to say the least, doubtful. Let any disinterested person examine the map of Ireland, and he will see, at a glance, that, whatever advantages Valentia may possess for sailing packets (and until an instance is adduced of a square-rigged vessel beating out against a westerly gale, even those may be doubted,) it has none for steam vessels. If, indeed, Ireland is to be the point of departure and arrival, it appears to us, that the port of Limerick would be the better station. The navigation of the Shannon is open; wet docks, on a large scale, are constructing there, and it would afford all the facilities of an old-established port: by its noble river it has water-carriage to Lough Allen, and, by the Royal and Grand Canals, with St. George's Channel.

We, however, wish both schemes all manner of success; there is, in our opinion, abundance of room and of employment for both. Ireland alone will support a line of steam packets to America; and we may venture to prophesy that, before 1846, either by one route or both, a voyage across the Atlantic, and a visit to Niagara Falls, will be as common as a visit to Rome and Vienna.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

It is always pleasant to us to note the gradual progress of undertakings, which, at their outset, have been considered as difficult, and their success problematical, whether it be (as to-day) once more to enter upon the examination of a volume of Audubon's noble work, or again to advert to the steps recently taken in the restoration of that fine old relic, Crosby Hall. The repairs of the latter have, it appears, now proceeded to that point when only a small sum is wanted to complete them: while, with a view of further drawing attention to the subject, and of concentrating all records, legends, and traditions, which belong to this interesting building, it is announced—that premiums, in all, amounting to one hundred guineas, will be awarded in the year 1838, for the best graphical and antiquarian illustrations of the Priory Church of St. Helen, Gresham College, and Crosby Hall; the conditions liberally embracing tales, poems, and musical compositions, as well as the more exact and substantial records of the antiquarian and the biographer. The field is a wide one; this venerable building having passed through various hands, and been the scene in which not a few celebrated personages have figured.

We understand that we may shortly expect to receive a work, entitled, 'Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan, and on the site of ancient Nineveh, with Journal of a Voyage down the Tigris to Bagdad, and an account of a Visit to Sheraz and Persepolis,' by the late Claudius James Rich, the Hon. East India Company's Resident at Bagdad, and the author of an 'Account of Ancient Babylon.' We hear, too,

that Mr. Henry F. Chorley, to whom we were indebted for the personal remembrances of Mrs. Hemans, which appeared in our columns last year, is about to publish a work, in two volumes, containing similar recollections, with illustrations of her literary character, from her own correspondence.

We should be glad to be able to give some probable account of the prospects of the coming Opera season; but the rumours which reach us are as vague and contradictory as the evidence given before the never-to-be-forgotten dramatic committee. One day, we are told that Pasta's arrival is certain; the next, that she is not coming. We are also promised novelties by Mercadante and Donizetti—they will be well performed if they are rehearsed in Paris—and among the newer engagements we may (we believe) announce that of Winter, the sound and clever tenor singer, who opened Mr. Mason's season. In Italy, the Malibran *survive* continues. We have heard a good report of a Mons. Duprez, who plays the part of lover to her heroines; and we perceive that a *youngest* Grisi has made her appearance at Bologna with great éclat. M. Chérad's opera, 'Die Hermannschlacht,' is the most successful novelty current in Germany at present—while all Paris is waiting, on tiptoe, for the bells and cannon of Meyerbeer's 'St. Bartélémy.'

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 7.—The following papers were read:—

1. Copy of a Meteorological Journal kept at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, from the 1st of June to the 31st of December, 1834. Communicated by Capt. Beaufort, R.N., F.R.S., Hydrographer to the Admiralty.

2. Some Account of the Volcanic Eruption of Cossequina, in the Bay of Fonseca, commonly called the Coast of Conchagua, on the Western Coast of Central America. By Alexander Caldecleugh, Esq. F.R.S.

3. Continuation of Dr. Daubeny's paper on the Action of Light upon Plants, and of Plants upon the Atmosphere.

At this meeting it was resolved unanimously, that the thanks of this Society be given to their Secretaries, Peter Mark Roget, M.D., and John George Children, Esq., for the zeal and ability which they have uniformly displayed, and the many valuable services they have rendered in promoting its objects.

Jan. 14.—The continuation of Dr. Daubeny's paper, entitled, 'On the Action of Light upon Plants, and of Plants upon the Atmosphere,' was read.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 11.—Sir John Barrow, Bart., President, in the chair. The principal interest of the meeting arose from the bestowal of the Royal Premium, of last year, on Capt. Back; previous to which, however, a brief verbal report was given of the progress of the Society's expedition behind British Guiana, as detailed in two communications recently received from Mr. Schomburgk; and a paper was read, 'On the Maritime Communications of India, as carried on by the Natives, particularly from Kutch, at the mouth of the Indus,' transmitted from Bombay by Lieut. Burnes.

1. The Guiana expedition left George Town, Demerara, on the 21st of September, and the post at the confluence of the Cuyuni with the Essequibo on the 11th of October. The latest letters from it are dated Anna-y, (a creek falling into the Ripanony, near the south-west extremity of the British colony,) 29th of October. The party consisted of Mr. Schomburgk, leader of the expedition, Lieut. Haining, Regt., who had obtained permission to accompany him, Mr. Brotherton (an assistant naturalist), servants, and Indian canoe-men, to the number, in all, of nineteen persons. While detained at the mouth of the Cuyuni, some details were learned regarding its course and navigation; and the somewhat interesting fact was ascertained, that the Indians on its upper shores maintain a tolerably regular and easy communication with Angostura, by ascending its waters as far as navigable, thence crossing to the Carony, and descending that to the Orinoco. European supplies are thus more abundant among them than was previously believed. In ascending the Essequibo many positions were determined; and it appears from Mr. Schomburgk's journal, that many

more rivers descend to it from its eastern bank than have been as yet mapped; but till his chart of the river arrives, nothing specific on this head can be known. He speaks in the highest terms of the beauty, fertility, yet apparent solitude, of its shores. His party had suffered somewhat from fever and ague, under the severe fatigue of ascending the river; but were all recovering when he sent away his letters. His collections were already considerable; and he was sanguine in believing that, by the details which he was thus procuring, regarding the resources and productions of a country so immediately in the vicinity of the British settlements in this direction, he would be enabled to render an important public service.

2. Mr. Burnes's paper commenced by observing, that much more care has been usually taken by scholars to trace out the caravan routes of the ancients, than to appreciate justly their maritime communications. As regards India, in particular, it is usual to believe that the maritime enterprise of its native inhabitants is entirely of modern growth, and due to the example of Europeans; while its ancient intercourse with the western world is held to have been maintained chiefly, if not entirely, through the medium of Egyptian and Arabian visitors. Two circumstances, however, seem to him opposed to these conclusions; first, the extreme rudeness of the vessels and charts in use among the native Indians, even of the present day, arguing the remote antiquity of their original model; and next, the great extent to which their commercial enterprise is carried, notwithstanding this defect in their equipment. A communication having been made last year to the Royal Asiatic Society, regarding the construction of the different native Indian vessels, and having been since published in its Transactions, with illustrative drawings, Mr. Burnes deems it unnecessary for him to enlarge on this head; but he has forwarded with his present paper a native chart of the voyage between Kutch and the head of the Arabian Gulf, which he procured, in May last, from the pilot of a vessel from Mandavee, who was in the habit of using it, and which singularly exemplifies the rudeness alluded to. The true courses on this voyage, as is well known, are about west by north, and nearly north, making a right angle with each other; and the distances between the opposite shores, to the right and left, vary much. Yet the whole is in this map drawn out into two parallel, and nearly straight, lines, on a narrow slip of paper, with the names of certain capes and ports marked in succession, as they occur, but without any approach to a resemblance between the outline drawn and their real form; and the interval, though filled with straight lines drawn as courses, with figures of ships sailing on them, can yet, by no possibility, be conceived to convey instructions how to steer for any of them. With such charts, however, the native seamen of western India proceed familiarly as far as Zanguebar on the east coast of Africa, up the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, to Ceylon, Madras, and Bengal; and encounter dangers and difficulties in their several progresses, which one accustomed only to see the Indian Banian in his native country, can scarcely conceive possible. Even their superstitions they here sacrifice to an extent which many will consider incredible.

A large portion of this active trade is centered in Mandavee, the sea-port of Kutch, which alone has 250 native merchant ships, or vessels, belonging to it; and maintains a resident population of 50,000 inhabitants,—a full eighth of the whole population of the province. A remarkable circumstance also attending the Mandavee maritime trade is, that many of its seamen are of the Rajpoot caste, the proudest, generally the most indolent, dissolute, and bigoted of all the Indian population; yet, in this employment, not less humble, steady, and persevering than any other. The vessels vary in burthen from 25 to 200 tons, but proceed habitually to all the places above-mentioned; and an idea of the traffic which they carry on will be, perhaps, best given, by adding a few details regarding one very familiar voyage with them—viz. to Barbara, on the coast of Africa, outside the Straits of Bah-el-Mandeb.

The Somaalees, with whom they have here to deal, are, as is well known, a fierce and cruel people, but well acquainted with trade, and in the habit of holding periodical fairs, to which caravans proceed

from a great distance to the westward.—(When Mr. Salt was at Mocha, on his way to Abyssinia, he had a great wish to attach a European traveller to one of these caravans on its return, in hopes of obtaining information regarding the interior; but his project failed, and nothing is known of it to this hour except from the guarded communications of the Somaalees themselves, and a few facts, which may be gleaned from the Journals of the Portuguese Friars, once resident in Abyssinia, and who penetrated thus far south, though neither travellers nor missionaries have been since able to do the same.) The crews of the Indian vessels, on arriving at Barbara, are compelled first of all to place themselves individually under the protection of a Somaalee, at an expense varying from half a dollar to a dollar each person, otherwise they would probably not even be allowed to live, examples being not unfrequent of parties swimming off by night to vessels which may have neglected this precaution, and murdering their crews to a man. They are next compelled to trade under the most severe restrictions; and the Somaalees being bigoted Mohammedans, their Indian prejudices are studiously outraged. If they die, they are allowed none of their usual rites of sepulture, but are placed erect in holes dug for the purpose, for which privilege even they pay very high. In a word, there is nothing to encourage them to continue this traffic, for it is, after all, not very productive; yet, they persevere in it, as by immemorial habit; and exhibit qualities in its maintenance, for which their race rarely obtains credit with superficial observers.

There is a tradition among the Rajpoots of Mandavee, that the first of their caste who ever put to sea, was a certain Ram Sing, since named Moalim, or the Pilot, who was carried off to Holland, when the Dutch were masters on this coast; and, on his return, put in beneficial exercise the talents which he had thus acquired. Mr. Burnes was even shown some maps, said to have been drawn by him; and, assuming the story to be true, concludes his paper by arguing, that the true mode of civilizing any people is thus to carry off individuals from among them, and, after a time, return them to teach their acquired accomplishments to their countrymen. And he is unquestionably right, if there be a very obvious and beneficial opening for the exercise of these accomplishments on their return; but, otherwise, the example of Omai, and of the several New Hollanders and New Zealanders, who have, at different times, visited this country, proves that this plan is no more an absolute specific than any other. The first great mistake which has been made in almost all our intercourse with savage nations, has been undervaluing the importance of civilizing them at all: and the next, the supposing that any general rules are universally applicable; and that it is unimportant in all cases to study the direction in which, from circumstances, the objects of our solicitude are themselves willing to be drawn on. The nautical information, for example, which has altered the character of the Rajpoots of Kutch, and has equally brought on the Sandwich Islanders within the last half century, has been nearly altogether thrown away on the Society and New Zealand tribes; and so it would be with any other instruction.

The thanks of the Society were most cordially voted to Lieutenant Burnes for this early recollection of the interests and pursuits of his European friends; "who," the President observed, "he was certain, would always be happy to hear of his continued welfare, and be obliged by his frequent correspondence."

3. Then, turning to Captain Back, Sir JOHN BARROW addressed him nearly as follows: "Sir,—The minutes of the Society, read in the beginning of the evening, have informed you, that, when I announced at our last meeting, the award to you of our Royal Premium for 1835, I referred to your former, as well as your present, services in the cause of geographical discovery. I did this for two reasons,—first, it was abstractly due to you not to allow your former exertions to remain unnoticed on the present occasion;—and next, your former experience proved that you did not go blindly on when you volunteered to conduct the service from which you have recently returned, but that, knowing the difficulties before you, you were yet willing to encounter them in the cause of science and humanity; and it was due to you to notice this circumstance also. I have now the great-

est pleasure in conferring on you that honour, the award of which I formerly only intimated. I consider the geographical importance of your late discoveries to be very great indeed, in almost every point of view. You have opened up to us an almost entirely unknown country; and you have established the position of another point on the northern coast of America, which, with those previously determined by your gallant cotemporaries, Captains Parry, Franklin, Beechey, and Dr. Richardson, scarcely leaves a doubt as to its general configuration, though it would be still desirable to fill up the intervals between them. But by far the most important point, as it appears to me, which you have determined, is the continuity of current along the whole of this north coast of America, and which, I think, you have demonstrated. Cook, Kotzebue, and Beechey, all found it in Behring's Straits: Sir John Franklin, Dr. Richardson, and yourself, found it to continue between the meridians of 150° and 110°—you have now witnessed it again in 98°: Sir Edward Parry met it running at the rate of three knots an hour in the Straits of the Hecla and Fury; and happy, as I am, on other grounds, to announce to the present meeting that we have, this day, received accounts of six more of the imprisoned whalers having escaped from the ice in Davis' Straits, yet I have an additional gratification, also, in stating, that they drifted 600 miles to the southward while imprisoned in the ice, and thus furnish another demonstration of the constancy of that current of which I speak, on the inferences drawn from which much of the whole original argument in favour of a north-west passage rested. Of the existence of such a passage, therefore, I now, thanks to your labours and those of your comrades, entertain no manner of doubt; and I am persuaded, also, of its practicability, if, founding on the escape of these merchant ships, any vessels proceeding henceforth in search of it will boldly take the ice, and trust to its generally fluctuating character for the discovery of lanes of water through it. That they will not be disappointed in this trust, I am fully convinced; and I earnestly hope that the glory of achieving the adventure is yet reserved for our own country and times, which have, for now many years, so sedulously pursued it."

Captain Back's reply was, also, nearly as follows: "Sir,—I am so much overcome by the honour now conferred on me, and the very flattering terms in which you, who are well known to have been the main spring of modern Arctic discovery, have communicated it, that I want words to express all the feelings by which I am moved. I shall merely, therefore, return you, and the Society, my warmest thanks for the distinction thus conferred on me; and I may add, that, entirely concurring with you in the opinions which you have just expressed regarding the existence and practicability of the passage in question, I should, at all events, be most happy to be employed in any endeavour to accomplish it; but, even if I could possibly be a laggard in such a cause, the present distinction would alone determine me to come forward."

Sir JOHN FRANKLIN then also begged to say a few words: "He had listened with much interest and attention to what had fallen from the President regarding the existence and practicability of a North-west passage; and, in the main, fully concurred with all he had said. It appeared to him, however, speaking on the spur of the moment, and without premeditation, that all that was wanted could only be satisfactorily accomplished by at least two expeditions, one consisting of boats, to creep along-shore, as had been done by himself, Captain Back, and Dr. Richardson, the other to consist of one or two ships, which should boldly proceed to the northward of the whole Melville Island Archipelago, and there look for open water, and a probably clear sea. The face of the continent of America seemed almost everywhere, but especially to the eastward, to be fronted by islands, among which the ice was packed, by the very current of which the President spoke; and thus success, as it then appeared to him, for a ship expedition, could only be looked for by keeping at a distance from it. He (Sir John Franklin) would be most happy to turn his attention sedulously to the whole question, should there seem the least probability of its being seriously taken up; and it would be a truly glorious thing for the Royal Geographical Society were

such to be the consequence of a representation, founded on what had passed at its present meeting."

Dr. RICHARDSON also concurred with Sir John Franklin "in his general idea of the necessity of, at least, two expeditions to complete the whole object; but, he thought, that more might be done by boats than merely coasting along the continental shore. The mouth of the Copper Mine River is nearly in the meridian of Melville Island; and, he thought, that boats might proceed north from it, and ascertain the character of the sea to the westward with very little risk. He was himself persuaded, that it was, in the main, clear; and that thus, so soon as the meridian of Melville Island was passed, the ship expedition should approach the coast, and combine its operations with those of the boats, to the great security and advantage of both. He fully concurred in the opinions expressed on all sides as to the interest of the inquiry, and its probably successful result; and, for one, he would most truly grieve if, after all this country had done in the cause, she now ceased her endeavours, and allowed another, perhaps, to carry off the glory of success."

The President "was extremely pleased with the turn which the conversation had taken, and with the opportunity which it had afforded for the public expression of so many, and such valuable, opinions. The subject would not probably thus drop without due consideration; and, as to himself, no one could doubt the zeal with which he would contribute his own humble efforts in bringing it to a successful result. He need not repeat that he cordially shared in the feelings of those who expressed regret at the idea of the triumph of complete success passing to others than our own country, which had already made such efforts to deserve it."

The meeting, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the night, was very full, then adjourned.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 6.—The following communications were read:—

1. An extract of a letter addressed to the President, by Capt. Bayfield, R.N. It gave an account of the transporting power of the icepacks formed every winter on the extensive shoals which line both sides of the St. Lawrence. These shoals are thickly strewn with boulders, which become entangled in the ice, and in the spring, when the river rises from the melting of the snow, the masses of ice are floated off, frequently carrying the boulders to great distances. Capt. Bayfield also states, that icebergs, in which boulders, stones, and gravel, are imbedded, are annually drifted down the coast of Labrador, through the strait of Bellisle, and for several hundred miles up the gulf of the St. Lawrence.

2. A letter from Mr. De la Beche, explanatory of the geological position of a collection of fossils from the north of Cornwall. Mr. De la Beche says, that, in the grauwacke of western Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, natural divisions may be made, founded on marked characters; but he is of opinion that the whole of this district belongs to a system older than the silurian formations of Mr. Murchison. Some of the organic remains were procured at Dinas Cove, Padstow Harbour, Trevelga Island (Lower St. Columb Porth), and Towan Head, near New Quay, from the slate which is associated with sandstone, conglomerates, and limestone, and which is of the same age with the fossiliferous slate of Tintagel. The remainder of the collection was procured near Bodmin, by Dr. Potts, and in the vicinity of Liskeard. Mr. De la Beche also states, that there are evidences, in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, of two movements of the land, one to a height of thirty or forty feet above the present sea level, and the other to an uncertain depth beneath it, since the production of the existing vegetation of the land, and the molluscan inhabitants of the neighbouring sea.

3. A memoir, by Mr. Griffith, President of the Geological Society of Dublin, on the syenite and syenitic greenstone veins which traverse mica slate at Goodland Cliff, and chalk at Torr Eskert, to the south of Fairhead, in the county of Antrim. The district described in this paper, consists of inclined strata of mica slate, with subordinate beds of hornblende, slate, and limestone, overlaid by nearly horizontal strata of coal-measures, lower red sandstone, and chalk; and on these secondary formations re-

poses a mass of rudely columnar trap, the northern termination of which constitutes the magnificent promontory of Fairhead. The veins of syenite and syenitic greenstone in Goodland Cliff, might be mistaken for regular beds, forming an integral portion of the mica slate; but Mr. Griffith determined, by careful inspection, that the veins are irregular in their course, and uneven on their surface, moulding into the indentations of the schist. Owing to the occasionally covered nature of the surface, these veins cannot be traced continuously to Torr Eskert; but, by laying down their line of bearing on the Ordnance Map, and by making due allowance for their average inclination, and the elevation of the hill, Mr. Griffith entertains no doubt that the syenite, which traverses the chalk of Torr Eskert, is a prolongation of one of the veins in the mica slate of Goodland Cliff. In mineral character there is no difference. The chalk in contact with the syenite is sometimes crystallized, always hard; the colour is changed from yellowish white to reddish white; and masses of disrupted chalk are entangled with the syenite. In conclusion, the author says that, if he has substantiated the views advocated in his memoir, a new and important fact has been added to those already described by other observers, which may ultimately lead to the assigning of a comparatively recent origin, not only to syenite veins, but to crystalline rocks generally, when found associated with schistose strata.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society (<i>Anniversary</i>)	Eight, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
MOX.	Statistical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Institute of British Architects	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers (<i>Anniversary</i>)	Seven, P.M.
	Geological Society	8 P.M.
	Society of Arts	7 P.M.
WED.	Literary Fund Committee (<i>Special Meeting</i>)	Two, P.M.
	Royal Society	8 P.M.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Artists & Amateurs' Conversation	Eight, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution	8 P.M.

Carbonic Acid Gas.—M. Thilorier has informed the French Academy of Sciences, by letter, that carbonic acid gas, of ordinary temperature and pressure, and liquid at 0°, under the pressure of thirty-six atmospheric degrees, becomes solid at a temperature bordering on the hundredth degree below melting ice, and keeps in this state for some minutes in the open air, and without any compression. The influence of cold on liquid carbonic acid gas, the expansive force of which is, as it were, destroyed at 100° below zero, begins to manifest itself before reaching that point.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, THE BRONZE HORSE; and THE JEWESS. On Monday, THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE; after which THE PANTOMIME; and THE JEWESS.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, and Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, THE HUNCHBACK; and THE PANTOMIME. On Wednesday and Friday, PAUL CLIFFORD; after which THE PANTOMIME; and THE BRONZE HORSE.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

This Evening, THE SPOILED CHILD; after which THE WATERMAN; with MONSIEUR JACQUES; and KASSELAS. On Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, THE SPOILED CHILD; after which THE WATERMAN; with MONSIEUR JACQUES; and BROWN'S HORSE. On Tuesday, THE SPOILED CHILD; after which A HOUSE DIVIDED; with MONSIEUR JACQUES; and BROWN'S HORSE.

St. James's Theatre.—The new burletta, called 'Monsieur Jacques' is a close, but rather coarse, translation of a French piece, which the acting of Mons. Bouffé has lately contributed to render very popular in Paris. In using the word coarse, we do not mean that it is vulgar, but merely that it wants neatness and polish. If, however, it were as neat and as polished as, truly to reflect its original, it ought to be, the principal part would require an artist as finished as Mr. Farren to do it justice; so that, perhaps, the increased breadth of the version under notice is better adapted to the effective, though far less cultivated style of Mr. Barnett. The story is

simple, but touching. *Monsieur Jacques* is an elderly musician, who, in early life, ran away with, and married a pupil—the daughter of a rich Sicilian noble. They were pursued and taken; the wife was sent to a convent, and the husband to the galleys. He escaped, and made his way to England, bringing with him a letter from his wife, in which she promised to follow him forthwith. Twenty years after this the piece opens: *Mons. Jacques* is living in an obscure lodging in Dover, worn down to premature old age by anxiety and watching. His plague is his hard-hearted landlord; his consolations are his "letter" and the society of a poor poet, who behaves like a son to him. A young lady arrives from abroad—seeks him out—proves to him, by means of a ballad which she sings, that she knows his story; and then, in answer to his frantic inquiries after his wife, first stuns him by the news that she is dead, and then recalls him to life and happiness, by proclaiming herself his daughter. She has inherited the wealth of her mother's family; and the poet, in return for the care he has taken of her father, is rewarded with her hand. The part of *Monsieur Jacques* is written in broken English, to accommodate it to that which Mr. Barnett has, upon two or three recent occasions, shown to be his forte in acting. We do not wish to be too nicely critical upon a performance which is unquestionably one of very great merit, but we must tell Mr. Barnett, for his own sake, that there was far too much French in his part. A Frenchman, who has an imperfect knowledge of the English language, will naturally, in talking with Englishmen, speak French when at a loss for English, but he will not be found constantly uttering whole French sentences, and then translating them into English. This has been a common error of the stage, and Mr. Barnett has fallen into it. We think that closer observation will convince him that we are right. It should be recollected, that all those among the audience who do not understand French, are waiting each time for the translation,—and that, during all such waitings, the actor's effects are held in suspense, so that they are always weakened and sometimes wholly lost. Mr. Barnett dressed and looked the part admirably, sang a tasteful song of Mr. John Barnett's with much feeling, and, upon the whole, well deserved the great applause he met with. The other parts are too much kept down, but Mr. Strickland, Mr. Selby, and Miss P. Horton, did their best with them, and zealously contributed to the success of the piece.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"One Hour, or, a Carnival Ball." The successful and fortunate Mr. Haynes Bayly can be no relation to the

Balium! Balium!
Infornatam Balium!
Traditum, proditum,
Miserrimanque Balium!

of Dr. Glasse's clever song. He has produced many very amusing pieces at this house, and given many a pleasant hour to its visitors, though none more pleasant than the 'One Hour,' with which he presented them on Monday last. Rank and fashion, if we are not much mistaken, will again crowd the private boxes of this theatre to see this charming and unobjectionable little burletta, supported as it is by the best acting we ever remember to have witnessed on the part of Madame Vestris, and by the jocular bustling of Mr. Charles Mathews. We shall not occupy space in a minute detail of that which is good throughout; but, it is impossible not to make known to our readers the surprise we felt at seeing Mr. Charles Mathews give a Neapolitan reminiscence by dancing the *Tarantella* with an elegance, a force, and a correctness sufficient to bring the ballet company from the 'Académie Royale' over in a body to see and to envy him. We know not whether the execution of it would have cured him of the awful spider's bite, but we are inclined to suspect that the excitement of merely seeing him perform it so admirably, would have cured us of the bite of a mad dog, had we been so afflicted.

Were it only to see this dance, and to see Mr. Liston in 'The Old Stager,' the prices of admission ought to be doubled.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. G. K.—R. R.—R. W.—W. B. M.—A Lunian—B. Z. Z.—Semloh, received.
F. G. must positively send his name in confidence. We do not know to what "B. Thomas" alludes.

ADVERTISEMENTS

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Senior Department.—The Classes for the COLLEGE STUDENTS who follow the regular course of instruction in Christian Morals, Mathematics, and Classical and English Literature and Composition, will be RE-OPENED, under the superintendence of the Principal, and Professors the Rev. T. G. Hall, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the Rev. H. W. Frowde, M.A., of St. John's College, Oxford, and the Rev. T. Dale, M.A., on TUESDAY, the 26th January, next.

Distinct Courses of Lectures and Private Instruction will be opened in—
Mathematics—by the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.
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English Literature—Rev. T. Dale, M.A.
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All persons are admitted without a Proprietor's nomination, and without the payment of any matriculation fee, to attend any separate Course of Lectures or Private Instruction.
Dec. 24, 1850.
N.B. The Spring Courses in the Senior Department will begin on Thursday, next, the 21st January.

THE ANNUAL COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF ANATOMY, as applicable to the Arts of Design, and for the purposes of general information, will be delivered, during the Months of FEBRUARY and MARCH, at the HUNTERIAN THEATRE OF ANATOMY, in the Great Windmill-street, Haymarket, by Mr. JOHN GREGORY SMITH, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Teacher of Anatomy, Surgery, &c.

It will be attended in this Course of Lectures to afford a general view of this important science, divested as much as possible of all the minute or technical details, which are so essentially necessary in the acquisition of surgical knowledge, and to render such information only as may be more particularly useful to students in the arts of Design, to those gentlemen of the legal profession, for the performance of whose duties some degree of anatomical knowledge is often of the greatest importance, and, in short, to all who deem it necessary to make themselves practically acquainted with the construction, mechanism, and functions of the human frame.

During the Course, an opportunity will be afforded to Artists of seeing the form of the superficial muscles of the body, exposed to view by careful dissection, while, at the same time, their relative proportions and modes of action will be compared and described upon the living model. The structure and figure of the joints also, the anatomy and physiology of expression, and the physiology of respiration, are points to which particular attention will be devoted.

A practical demonstration, and every facility, will be offered to those gentlemen who may be desirous of making Studies or Drawings from the recent Dissections on the morning subsequent to each Lecture.

The Lectures will commence on Tuesday, the 16th day of February, 1851, at half-past six o'clock, in the evening, precisely, and be continued on each succeeding Friday and Tuesday at the same hour.

Cards of Admission to the Course, at One Guinea each, may be obtained of Messrs. Dominici and Co., Printers, 15, Princes-street, to the King, Pall Mall East; of Messrs. Carpenter and Son, Booksellers, 14, Old Bond-street; and at the Hunterian Theatre of Anatomy, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.

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MATHEMATICAL—W. D. J. Bridgman, M.A. St. Peter's Coll. Cambridge.

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A full exposition of the views of the Conductors will be found in a work entitled "Public Education." (Baldwin & Cradock, Paternoster-row, London.) A large use of the plan of the school is given in a small Pamphlet lately published, entitled "Sketch of the System of Education in practice at Bruce Castle School, Tottenham." (Baldwin & Co. London.)

Information respecting the Charges, and other matters of detail, may be obtained by application at Bruce Castle.

GERMAN CONVERSAZIONE.

Mr. O. SCHMIDT'S COURSE OF LECTURES AND GERMAN CONVERSAZIONE will begin on MONDAY, 25th inst. at 8 o'clock, P.M.—In the course of the Season will be read: Schiller's Wallenstein's Lager, Die Piccolomini, Wallenstein's God; Körner's Leyer u. Schwerdt; Goethe's Clavigo, &c.

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